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# Select Recitations

FOR

# CATHOLIC SCHOOLS AND ACADEMIES.

COMPILED BY

ELEANOR O'GRADY,

TEACHER OF ELOCUTION AT THE ACADEMY OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT,
AND OTHER CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

---

NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, AND CHICAGO:
BENZIGER BROTHERS,
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# PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

THE publishers believe that this volume will meet with a hearty welcome at the hands of those for whom it has been made.

The compiler is, and for many years has been, a teacher of elocution in Catholic schools and academies, and is well fitted, both by experience and disposition, to prepare a book for our Catholic youth. That something more than taste, and an acquaintance with our literature, is necessary for such a task, is evident from the fact, that, of the many volumes of Recitations published, scarcely one can be placed in the hands of our children without, in some way, offending faith or morals.

In the present volume, nothing that is in the least objectionable has been admitted, while the best of the pieces suited for oral reading or recitation find a place.

The publishers join the compiler in returning thanks for the use of copyrighted matter to the following authors and publishers, as well as to others whom they were unable to reach: Robert

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# Select Recitations.

## The American Flag.

They say I do not love thee,
  Flag of my native land,
Whose meteor-folds above me
  To the free breeze expand;
Thy broad stripes proudly streaming,
And thy stars so brightly gleaming.

They say I would forsake thee,
  Should some dark crisis lower;
That, recreant, I should make thee
  Crouch to a foreign power;
Seduced by license ample,
On thee, blest flag, to trample.

False are the words they utter,
  Ungenerous their brand,
And rash the oaths they mutter,
  Flag of my native land;
While still, in hope, above me
Thou wavest — and I love thee!

They say that bolts of thunder,
  Hurled by the Pontiff's hand,

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May rive and bring thee under,
  Flag of my native land,
And with one blow dissever
My heart from thee forever.

God's is my love's first duty,
  To whose eternal Name
Be praise for all thy beauty,
  Thy grandeur, and thy fame;
But ever have I reckoned
Thine, native flag, its second.

Woe to the foe or stranger
  Whose sacrilegious hand
Would touch thee, or endanger,
  Flag of my native land!
Though some would fain discard me,
Mine should be raised to guard thee.

Then wave, thou first of banners,
  And in thy genial shade
Let creeds, opinions, manners,
  In love and peace be laid;
And there, all discord ended,
Our hearts and souls be blended.

Stream on, stream on before us,
  Thou labarum of light,
While in one general chorus
  Our vows to thee we plight;
Unfaithful to thee? — Never!
My country's flag forever!

REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D.D.

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## Christ and the Little Ones.

"THE Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah, the mother, one day;
"He is healing the people who throng him,
With a touch of his finger, they say.

"And now I shall carry the children,
Little Rachel and Samuel and John,
I shall carry the baby Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly,
But he shook his head, and smiled:
"Now, who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild?

"If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever, 'twere well;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel."

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan,
I feel such a burden of care:
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there.

"If he lay his hand on the children,
My heart will beat lighter, I know;
For a blessing for ever and ever
Will follow them as they go."

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So over the hills of Judah,
  Along the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
  And Rachel her brothers between —

'Mong the people who hang on his teaching,
  Or waiting his touch or his word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees listening,
  She pressed to the feet of her Lord.

"Now, why shouldst thou hinder the Master,"
  Said Peter, "with children like these?
Seest not how from morning to evening
  He teacheth, and healeth disease?"

Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children!
  Permit them to come unto me;"
And he took in his arms little Esther,
  And Rachel he set on his knee.

And the heavy heart of the mother
  Was lifted all earth-care above,
As he laid his hands on the brothers,
  And blessed them with tenderest love;

As he said of the babes in his bosom,
  "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."
And strength for all duty and trial
  That hour to her spirit was given.

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## The Fate of Charlotte Russe.

[A little maiden's thrilling account of the tragedy of an Easter dinner.]

My mamma to my papa said,
"To-day the Lenten season ends."
My papa to my mamma said,
"To-night, my love, we'll dine some friends.

"Some soup and fish we'll have," he said;
"A roast duck, and perhaps a goose."
"Some wine and fruit," my mamma said,
"And then a little Charlotte Russe."

"A Charlotte Russe!" With great delight
I told it to my doll: "Dear Pearl,
Before we go to bed to-night,
We'll see this little stranger girl;

"This lovely little stranger girl,
With all her frills and flounces spruce;
I long to meet her! Darling Pearl,
I'm sure you'll dote on Charlotte Russe!"

So, after while, when all was calm,
And nursey busy with her broom,
I took my dolly on my arm,
And stole down to the dining-room.

My! how the waxen lights did shine!
The guests had finished all the goose,
And some were taking fruits and wine.
*I* looked around for Charlotte Russe.

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But there was only papa there,
  And Mr. Black, and Mr. Brown,
And Mr. Gray, of Grayville Square,
  And Mr. Green, of Greenwich town.

You may be sure my face got red;
  I pulled my sash till it came loose,
Then crept up close to pa, and said,
  "Please, papa, where is Charlotte Russe?"

Old Mr. Black, he sat and smiled
  At Mr. Green and Mr. Gray;
And Mr. Brown said, "Bless the child!
  The cakes have all been taken away."

But papa pressed me to his side,
  And whispered, "Shame! you little puss!"
Then rolling up his eyes, he cried,
  "*We've gone and eaten Charlotte Russe!*"

Oh! then they laughed a horrid laugh, —
  Those nasty, greedy, cruel men!
No little girl was ever half
  So *awful* scared as *I* was then!

I ran with dolly from the room, —
  My tears, I think, would fill a cup.
Oh, wasn't it a dreadful doom?
  Poor little Charlotte *eaten up!*

"We'll keep as still as any mouse,"
  I said to Pearl. "No one's about;

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There's been a murder in this house,
And mamma hasn't found it out."

Oh, dear! I don't know what to do!
I'd ask my nurse, but where's the use?
My pa will surely eat *me* too,
When he's di—gest—ed Charlotte Russe!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

---

## The Pride of Battery B.

SOUTH MOUNTAIN towered upon our right, far off the river lay,
And over on the wooded height we held their lines at bay.
At last the muttering guns were still; the day died slow and wan;
At last the gunners' pipes did fill, the sergeant's yarns began, —
When, as the wind a moment blew aside the fragrant flood
Our brierwoods raised, within our view a little maiden stood.
A tiny tot of six or seven, from fireside fresh she seemed,
(Of such a little one in heaven, one soldier often dreamed,)
And as we stared, her little hand went to her curly head
In grave salute. "And who are *you?*" at length the sergeant said,

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"And where's your home?" he growled again.
She lisped out, "Who is me?
Why, don't you know? I'm little Jane, the Pride of Battery B.
My home? Why, that was burned away, and pa and ma are dead;
And so I ride the guns all day along with Sergeant Ned.
And I've a drum that's not a toy, a cap with feathers too;
And I march beside the drummer-boy on Sundays at review.
But now our 'bacca's all give out, the men can't have their smoke,
And so they're cross; why, even Ned won't play with me and joke.
And the big colonel said to-day — I hate to hear him swear —
He'd give a leg for a good pipe like the Yank had over there.
And so I thought, when beat the drum, and the big guns were still,
I'd creep beneath the tent, and come out here across the hill,
And beg, good Mister Yankee men, you'd give me some 'Lone Jack.'
Please do: when we get some again, I'll surely bring it back.
Indeed I will, for Ned — says he — if I do what I say,
I'll be a general yet, maybe, and ride a prancing bay."

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We brimmed her tiny apron o'er; you should
have heard her laugh
As each man from his scanty store shook out
a generous half.
To kiss the little mouth stooped down a score
of grimy men,
Until the sergeant's husky voice said, "'Tention,
squad!" and then
We gave her escort, till good-night the pretty
waif we bid,
And watched her toddle out of sight, — or else
'twas tears that hid
Her tiny form, — nor turned about a man, nor
spoke a word,
Till after a while a far, hoarse shout upon the
wind we heard!
We sent it back, then cast sad eyes upon the scene
around;
A baby's hand had touched the ties that brothers
once had bound.

That's all — save when the dawn awoke again the
work of hell,
And through the sullen clouds of smoke the
screaming missiles fell,
Our general often rubbed his glass, and marvelled
much to see
Not a single shell that whole day fell in the camp
of Battery B.

F. H. GASSAWAY.

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## Three Little Toadstools.

ONE of the gems of a children's entertainment at Providence, R.I., was the appearance of three performers of the mature age of three and four years, who appeared in an ingenious costume, as toadstools, with a surprising naturalness of effect. They recited the following poem: —

THREE little toadstools, don't you see?
Just as tunnin' as we can be.

Where did we come from? We don't know,
Spec's from de same place violets grow.

What are we dood for? Just to keep
Rain from de mosses w'en dey s'eep.

Where are you going? Oh, my soul!
Wid all de flowers, in a great big hole.

---

## Daisies.

SHE was a little Irish maid,
With light brown hair and eyes of gray,
And she had left her native shore,
And journeyed miles and miles away
Across the ocean, to the land
Where waves the banner of the free,
And on her face a shadow lay,
For sick at heart for home was she.

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When from the city's dust and heat,
  And ceaseless noise, they took her where
The birds were singing in the trees,
  And flower fragrance filled the air,
And there, their leaf-crowned heads upraised
  To greet the pretty gray-eyed lass,
A million blossoms starred the road,
  And grew among the waving grass;

"Why, here are daisies!" glad she cried,
  And with hands clasped sank on her knees.
"Now God be praised, who east and west
  Scatters such lovely things as these!
Around my mother's cabin door
  In dear old Ireland they grow,
With hearts of gold, and slender leaves
  As white as newly fallen snow."

Then up she sprang, with smiling lips,
  Though on her cheek there lay a tear.
"This land's not half so strange," she said,
  "Since I have found the daisies here."

MARGARET EYTINGE: *Harper's Weekly.*

---

## The Robber.

ON the lone deserted cross-road,
  Under the high crucifix,
Stood the robber, slyly lurking;
In his hand his naked sabre,

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And his rifle heavy loaded.
For the merchant would he plunder,
Who, with his full weight of money,
With his garments, and his rare wines,
Came to-day home from the market.
Down already had the sun sunk,
And the moon peers through the cloudlets,
And the robber stands awaiting
  Under the high crucifix.

Hark! a sound like angel voices,
Soft, low-sighing, deep entreaty,
Coming clear as evening bells
Borne through the still atmosphere!
Sweet with unaccustomed accent
Steals a prayer upon his ear,
And he stands and listens anxious: —
  "O thou Guide of the deserted!
O thou Guardian of the lost ones!
Bend, oh, bend thy heavenly face,
Clear as sunlight, softly smiling,
Down on us, four little ones;
Fold, oh, fold thy arms of mercy,
Which were on the cross extended,
Like two wings around our father,
That no storm destroy his pathway,
That his good steed may not stumble,
That the robber, still and lurking
In the forest, may not harm him.
O Protector of the abandoned,
O thou Guide of the deserted,
Send us home our own dear father!"

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And the robber hears it all
  Under the high crucifix.

Then the youngest, crossing himself,
Folding his soft hands demurely,—
"O thou dear Christ," lisps he, childlike,
"Oh, I know thou art almighty,
Sitting on the throne of heaven,
With the stars all glittering golden,—
As the nurse has told me often,—
Oh, be gracious, O thou dear Christ!
Give the robbers, the rapacious,
Give them bread, and bread in plenty,
That they may not need to plunder
Or to murder our good father!
Did I know where lived a robber,
I would give this little chainlet,
Give to him this cross and girdle,
Saying, 'O thou dear, dear robber,
Take this chain, this cross and girdle,
That you may not need to plunder
Or to murder our dear father!'"
And the robber hears it all
  Under the high crucifix.

From afar he hears approaching
Snorting steeds and wheels swift rolling.
Slowly then he takes his rifle,
Slowly does he seize his sabre,
And he stands there deeply thinking,
  Under the high crucifix.

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And the children still are kneeling, —
"O thou Guide of the deserted,
O thou Guardian of the wanderer,
Send us home our own dear father!"

And the father came home riding
All in safety, unendangered;
Clasps his children to his bosom, —
Happy stammerings, kisses sweet.
Only the bare sabre found they;
Found the rifle heavy loaded;
Both had fallen from his hand
Under the high crucifix.

*Translation from the German.*

---

## What is a Baby Good for?

[Little Dora tells what she thinks about it.]

I TAN T see what our baby boy is dood for, anyway;
He don't know how to walk or talk, he don't know how to play;
He tears ev'ry single sing he posser-bil-ly tan,
And even tried to break, one day, my mamma's bestest fan.
He's al-lays tumblin' 'bout ze floor, an' gives us awful scares,
An' when he goes to bed at night he never says his prayers.
On Sunday, too, he musses up my go-to-meetin' clothes;

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An' once I found him hard at work a-pin'in
dolly's nose;
An' ze uzzer day dat naughty boy (now what do
you spose you zink?)
Upset a dreat big bottle of my papa's writin' ink;
An' 'stead of kyin' dood an' hard, as course he
ought to done,
He laughed, and kicked his head 'most off, as
zough he sought 'twas fun.
He even tries to reach up high and pull sings off
ze shelf.
An' he's al-lays wantin' you, of course, jus' when
you want you'self.
I rather dess, I really do, from how he pulls my
turls,
Zay all was made a-purpose for to 'noy us little
dirls,
An' I wish zere wasn't no such sing as naughty
baby boys —
Why — why, zat's him a-kyin' now! he makes a
drefful noise;
I dess I better run an' see, for if he has — boo-hoo!
Fell down ze stairs and killed his-self, whatever
s-s-sall I do!

---

## The Wind's Voices.

"MAMMA, what makes your face so sad?
The sound of the wind makes me feel glad;
But whenever it blows, as grave you look
As if you were reading a sorrowful book."

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"A sorrowful book I am reading, dear, —
A book of weeping and pain and fear, —
A book deep-printed on my heart,
Which I cannot read but the tears will start.

"That breeze to my ear was soft and mild
Just so, when I was a little child;
But now I hear in its freshening breath
The voices of those that sleep in death."

"Mamma," said the child, with shaded brow,
"What is this book you are reading now?
And why do you read what makes you cry?"
"My child, it comes up before my eye.

"'Tis the memory, love, of a far-off day
When my life's best friend was taken away;
Of the weeks and months that my eyes were dim,
Watching for tidings, — watching for him.

"Many a year has come and past
Since a ship sailed over the ocean fast,
Bound for a port on England's shore, —
She sailed, — but was never heard of more."

"Mamma," and she closer pressed her side,
"Was that the time when my father died?
Is it his ship you think you see? —
Dearest mamma, — won't you speak to me?"

The lady paused, but then calmly said,
"Yes, Lucy, — the sea was his dying bed;

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And now, whenever I hear the blast,
I think again of that storm long past.

"The wind's fierce howlings hurt not me,
But I think how they beat on the pathless sea, —
Of the breaking mast, of the parting rope,
Of the anxious strife and the failing hope."

"Mamma," said the child, with streaming eyes,
"My father has gone above the skies;
And you tell me this world is mean and base
Compared with heaven, — that blessed place."

"My daughter, I know, — I believe it all;
I would not his spirit to earth recall.
The blest one he, — his storm was brief, —
Mine, a long tempest of tears and grief.

"I have you, my darling, — I should not sigh.
I have one star more in my cloudy sky, —
The hope that we both shall join him there,
In that perfect rest from weeping and care."

ANNA B. WARNER.

## Tom.

YES, Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew.
Just listen to this: —
When the old mill took fire, and the flooring fell through,
And I with it, helpless there, full in my view,

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What do you think my eyes saw through the fire
That crept along, crept along, nigher and nigher,
But Robin, my baby-boy, laughing to see
The shining? He must have come there after me,
Toddled alone from the cottage without
Any one's missing him. Then, what a shout!
Oh! how I shouted, "For heaven's sake, men,
Save little Robin!" Again and again
They tried, but the fire held them back like a wall.
I could hear them go at it, and at it, and call,
"Never mind, baby, sit still like a man!
We're coming to get you as fast as we can."
They could not see him, but I could. He sat
Still on a beam, his little straw hat
Carefully placed by his side; and his eyes
Stared at the flame with a baby's surprise,
Calm and unconscious, as nearer it crept.
The roar of the fire up above must have kept
The sound of his mother's voice shrieking his name,
From reaching the child. But I heard it. It came
Again and again, — O God, what a cry!
The axes went faster: I saw the sparks fly
Where the men worked like tigers, nor minded the heat
That scorched them, — when, suddenly, there at their feet,
The great beams leaned in — they saw him — then, crash,
Down came the wall! The men made a dash, —
Jumped to get out of the way, — and I thought,
"All's up with poor little Robin!" and brought

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Slowly the arm that was least hurt, to hide
The sight of the child there, — when swift, at my side,
Some one rushed by, and went right through the flame
Straight as a dart — caught the child, — and then came
Back with him, choking and crying, but — saved!
Saved safe and sound!
Oh, how the men raved,
Shouted, and cried, and hurrahed! Then they all
Rushed at the work again, lest the back wall
Where I was lying, away from the fire,
Should fall in and bury me.
Oh! you'd admire
To see Robin now: he's as bright as a dime,
Deep in some mischief, too, most of the time.
Tom it was saved him. Now, isn't it true
Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew?
There's Robin now! See, he's strong as a log!
And there comes Tom too —
Yes, Tom is our dog.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

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## Trust.

SEARCHING for strawberries ready to eat,
Finding them fragrant and large and sweet,
What do you think I found at my feet,
Deep in the green hillside?

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Four little sparrows — the cunning things!
Feathers on back and breast and wings,
Proud with the dignity plumage brings,
Opening their four mouths wide.

Stooping lower to watch my prize,
Watching their motions with eager eyes,
Dropping my berries with glad surprise,
A plaintive sound I heard;
And looking up at the mournful call,
I spied on a branch, near the old stone wall,
The poor little mother-bird.

With grief and terror her heart was wtung,
And while to the tender bough she clung,
She felt that the life of her birdlings hung
On a still more slender thread.
"O birdie," I said, "if you only knew
That my heart was tender and warm and true!"
But the thought that I loved her birdlings too,
Never entered her small brown head.

And so through this world of ours we go,
Bearing our burdens of needless woe,
Many a heart beating heavy and slow
Under its load of care;
But, oh! if we only, only knew
That God was tender and warm and true,
And that he loved us through and through,
Our hearts would be lighter than air.

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## The Bald-headed Man.

THE other day a lady, accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded a train at Little Rock. The woman had a careworn expression hanging over her face like a tattered veil, and many of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sighs.

"Ma," said the boy, "that man's like a baby, ain't he?" pointing to a bald-headed man sitting just in front of them.

"Hush!"

"Why must I hush?"

After a few moments' silence: "Ma, what's the matter with that man's head?"

"Hush, I tell you. He's bald."

"What's bald?"

"His head hasn't got any hair on it."

"Did it come off?"

"I guess so."

"Will mine come off?"

"Some time, maybe."

"Then I'll be bald, won't I?"

"Yes."

"Will you care?"

"Don't ask so many questions."

After another silence, the boy exclaimed, "Ma, look at that fly on that man's head."

"If you don't hush, I'll whip you when we get home."

"Look! There's another fly. Look at 'em fight; look at 'em!"

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"Madam," said the man, putting aside a newspaper and looking around, "what's the matter with that young hyena?"

The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.

"One fly, two flies, three flies," said the boy innocently, following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by a newsboy.

"Here, you young hedgehog," said the bald-headed man, "if you don't hush, I'll have the conductor put you off the train."

The poor woman, not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears, and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

"Ma, have I got red marks on my head?"

"I'll whip you again, if you don't hush."

"Mister," said the boy, after a short silence, "does it hurt to be bald-headed?"

"Youngster," said the man, "if you'll keep quiet, I'll give you a quarter."

The boy promised, and the money was paid over.

The man took up his paper, and resumed his reading.

"This is my bald-headed money," said the boy. "When I get bald-headed, I'm 'goin' to give boys money. Mister, have all bald-headed men got money?"

The annoyed man threw down his paper, arose, and exclaimed, "Madam, hereafter when you travel, leave that young gorilla at home. If I can't find another seat on this train, I'll ride on the cow-catcher rather than remain here."

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"The bald-headed man is gone," said the boy; and as the woman leaned back, a tired sigh escaped from her lips.

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## Excelsior.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

Digitized by Google

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch,
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last Good-night.
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless but beautiful he lay;
And from the sky serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

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## Daisy's Faith.

DOWN in de b'ight deen meadow,
De pitty daisies' home,—
Daisies dat are my namesakes—
Mamma has let me tome.

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S'e said dat s'e tould see me
  From her yoom window dere;
Besides, I know Our Farder
  Will teep me in his tare.

Oh, see how many daisies!
  Daises so white an' fair,
I'll mate a weaf for mamma,
  To wear upon her hair;
An' den s'e'll loot so pitty, —
  My darlin' own mamma! —
An' tiss her 'ittle Daisy,
  An' s'ow it to papa.

One — two — fee — sits — an' 'leven.
  Hund'ed-an' eight — an' nine;
I b'ieve dat's mos' enough now,
  To mate it pitty fine.
I wouldn't be af'aid here;
  Mamma an' Dod tan see,
I know dey would let nossin'
  Tome near dat tould hurt me.

De bweeze is soft an' toolin',
  An' tosses up my turls;
I dess it tomes from heaven
  To p'ay wis 'ittle dirls.
De birdies sin' so sweetly;
  To me dey seem to say,
"Don't be af'aid, dear Daisy,
  Dod teeps oo all de day."

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I'll mate a ball for baby
  Soon as dis weaf is done,
An' den I'll fow it at her —
  Oh, my! my fead's all don'!
Well, den, I'll tate dis wibbon
  Off my ole st'aw hat:
I sint mamma would let me;
  I'll — Oh, dear me! what's dat?

I sought I did hear somesin'
  Move in dat bus' tlose by;
I'm not at all af'aid, dough, —
  Oh, no indeed, not I!
Mamma — why! s'e's not lootin',
  S'e's f'om de window don';
Den maybe Dod is tired too,
  'Tause I 'taid here so lon'.

I dess I'll yun a 'ittle,
  I b'ieve Dod wants me to,
He tan't tate too muts t'ouble,
  I sint I'd better do,
An' tate my pitty f'owers.
  An' 'tay wis mamma dear.
Dod is way up in heaven,
  I would lite some one near.

My daisies! dey are fallin',
  My han's are s'atin' so.
Oh, dear! de weaf is boten!
  Don't tare! I want to do.

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I know dere's somesin' 'live dere;
  See now! dere's two bid eyes
A-lootin' yight stwaight at me.
  Dod's way up in de sties.

Tan He tate tare of Daisy?
  I see a deat, blat head
A-tomin' foo de bus'es:
  But den I'm not af'aid;
On'y — I want — my — mamma —
  I dess dat — is — a — bear.
Bears eat up 'ittle chillens!
  I wis — dat — Dod — was here!

Ow! ow! I tan't help stweamin'.
  Oh, dear, I so af'aid!
Tome, mamma! oh, tome twitly
  To help oor 'ittle maid!
Dod has fordot oor Daisy;
  Dat bear is tomin' fast —
Why! 'tis our dear ole Yover
  Tome home f'om town at last!

O Yover! dear ole dordy!
  What made oo fwight — well, no,
I'm not af'aid — for, Yover,
  Dod tares for me, oo know.
He would let nossin' hurt me;
  Dere's mamma lootin' too.
We'll mend dat-weaf now, Yover,
  Mamma will lite it so.

JOANNA H. MATHEWS.

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## Lorraine Lorree.

"ARE you ready for your steeple-chase, Lorraine,
Lorraine Lorree?
You're booked to ride your capping race to-day at
Coulter Lee.
You're booked to ride Vindictive for all the world
to see;
To keep him straight, and keep him first, and win
the run for me."

She clasped her new-born baby, poor Lorraine,
Lorraine Lorree:
"I cannot ride Vindictive, as any man might see,
And I will not ride Vindictive with this baby on
my knee.
He's killed a boy! he's killed a man! and why must
he kill me?"

"Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine
Lorree,
Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulter Lee,
And land him safe across the brook, and win the
blank for me,
It's you may keep your baby, for you'll get no keep
from me."

"That husbands can be cruel," said Lorraine, Lor-
raine Lorree,
"That husbands can be cruel, I've known for sea-
sons three;

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But, oh! to ride Vindictive while a baby cries for me,
And be killed across a fence at last, for all the world to see!"

She mastered young Vindictive, — oh! the gallant lass was she,
And kept him straight, and won the race, as near as near could be;
But he killed her at the brook, against a pollard willow-tree:
He killed her at the brook, the brute, for all the world to see,
And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine Lorree.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

## Charity.

[Suggested by Doré's "Spanish Beggars."]

DOÑA INEZ was a lady
Very rich and fair to see,
And her heart was like a lily
In its holy purity.
Through the widest street in Cadiz
Doña Inez rode one day,
Clad in costly silk and laces,
'Mid a group of friends as gay.

Near the portals of a convent —
From the Moors just lately won —
Sat a crowd of dark-skinned beggars
Basking in the pleasant sun;

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One an old man — he a Christian,
Blind to all the outward light —
Told his black beads, praying softly
For all poor souls still in night.

"I am but a Moorish beggar,"
Said a woman with a child;
"I am but a Moorish beggar,
And the Moors are fierce and wild.
*You* may *talk* of Christian goodness —
Christian Faith and Charity,
But *I'll* never be a Christian
Till some proof of these I see.
Christians are as proud and haughty
As the proudest Moor of all;
And they hate the men that hate them
With a hate like bitter gall."

"You judge rashly, O my sister,
In the words you speak to me."
"I would be a Christian, blind man:
Show me Christian charity!

"Lo! here comes proud Doña Inez,
Very rich and fair to see;
I am but a Moorish beggar,
Will the lady come to me?
No! she will not, for she hateth
All the children of the Moor.
If she come, I tell you, blind man,
I will kneel, and Christ adore!"

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Passing was the Lady Inez,
When the dark group met her eye,
And she leant from out her litter
Smiling on them tenderly.
"They are poor, they are God's children,"
Said a voice within her soul,
And she lightly from her litter
Stepped to give the beggars dole.

Sneered, and laughed, and laughing, wondered
All the other ladies gay;
And the Lady Inez knew not
She had saved a soul that day.

MAURICE F. EGAN.

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## Lady Yeardly's Guest.

'TWAS a Saturday night, midwinter,
  And the snow with its sheeted pall
Had covered the stubbled clearings
  That girdled the rude-built "Hall."
But high in the deep-mouthed chimney,
  'Mid laughter and shout and din,
The children were piling yule-logs
  To welcome the Christmas in.

"Ah, so! We'll be glad to-morrow,"
  The mother half musing said,
As she looked at the eager workers,
  And laid on a sunny head

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A touch as of benediction, —
  "For heaven is just as near
The father at far Patuxent
  As if he were with us here.

"So choose ye the pine and holly,
  And shake from their boughs the snow;
We'll garland the rough-hewn rafters,
  As they garlanded long ago, —
Or ever Sir George went sailing
  Away o'er the wild sea foam, —
In my beautiful English Sussex,
  The happy old walls at home."

She sighed: — As she paused, a whisper
  Set quickly all eyes a-strain: —
"See! See!" and the boy's hand pointed, —
  "*There's a face at the window-pane!*"
One instant a ghastly terror
  Shot sudden her features o'er;
The next, and she rose unblenching,
  And opened the fast-barred door.

"Who be ye that seek admission?
  Who cometh for food and rest?
This night is a night above others
  To shelter a straying guest."
Deep out of the snowy silence
  A guttural answer broke:
"I come from the great Three Rivers,
  I am chief of the Roan-oke."

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Straight in through the frightened children,
  Unshrinking, the red man strode,
And loosed on the blazing hearthstone,
  From his shoulder a light-borne load;
And out of the pile of deer-skins,
  With look as serene and mild
As if it had been his cradle,
  Stepped softly a little child.

As he chafed at the fire his fingers,
  Close pressed to the brawny knee,
The gaze that the silent savage
  Bent on him was strange to see.
And then, with a voice whose yearning
  The father could scarcely stem,
He said, — to the children pointing, —
  "I want him to be like *them!*

"They weep for the boy in the wigwam;
  I bring him a moon of days,
To learn of the speaking paper,
  To hear of the wiser ways
Of the people beyond the water,
  To break with the plough the sod, —
To be kind to pappoose and woman, —
  To pray to the white man's God."

"I give thee my hand!" And the lady
  Pressed forward with sudden cheer;
"Thou shalt eat of my English pudding,
  And drink of my Christmas beer. —

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"My sweethearts, this night remember,
All strangers are kith and kin,
This night when the dear Lord's mother
Could find no room at the inn!"

Next morn from the colony belfry
Pealed gayly the Sunday chime,
And merrily forth the people
Flocked, keeping the Christmas time.
And the lady, with bright-eyed children
Behind her, their lips a-smile,
And the chief in his skins and wampum,
Came walking the narrow aisle.

Forthwith from the congregation
Broke fiercely a sullen cry:
"*Out! out! with the crafty red-skin!*
*Have at him! A spy! A spy!*"
And quickly from belts leaped daggers,
And swords from their sheaths flashed bare,
And men from their seats defiant
Sprang, ready to slay him there.

But, facing the crowd with courage
As calm as a knight of yore,
Stepped bravely the fair-browed woman,
The thrust of the steel before;
And spake with a queenly gesture,
Her hand on the chief's brown breast:
"*Ye dare not impeach my honor!*
*Ye dare not insult my guest!*"

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They dropped at her word their weapons,
  Half-shamed as the lady smiled,
And told them the red man's story,
  And showed them the red man's child;
And pledged them her broad plantations,
  That never would such betray
The trust that a Christian woman
  Had shown on a Christmas Day!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

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## In Our Blessed Mother's Keeping.

GOLDEN bright 'neath the Austrian sun
  Waved many a ripening field;
The miller smiled his rare, broad smile,
  To see the goodly yield.

And through the fair autumnal morn
  With right good-will toiled he;
The stream flowed on, and the old mill-wheel
  Revolved unceasingly.

A space above, where spreading trees
  A kindly shelter made,
On the sloping bank of the old mill-stream
  Two happy children played, —

One, a manly little lad
  Of nine bright years (scarce more),
And one, a mischief-loving child,
  A fair-haired boy of four.

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"Come, brother! come!" the wee one cried;
"Do quickly come, and see, —
Down in the water there's a child
A-looking up at me!"

"Hold there!" the elder cried; "hold! hold!"—
Sprang to the wee one's side.
Alas! the shout of baby glee
Dies in the flowing tide!

"Help!" shouts the boy; "help, help!" Alas!
No ringing voice replies.
"O Virgin Mother! save us both!"
With heavenward glance he cries,

And plunges in the sweeping flood:
Beyond him sees the gleam
Of glistening, glinting curls of gold
Floating swift down the stream.

"The wheel! the wheel! Courage!" he shouts,
Till, boyish strength nigh gone,
He grasps the child in his brave young arm,
And helpless both drift on.

"Mary — Mother, — save — us!" pant
Pale lips, with failing breath;
But the dripping, tangled curls of gold
Are caught in the wheel of death!

Caught? Nay, nay! Virgin Queen, be praised!
The *Angelus* breaks on the air, —

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The miller stays the old mill-wheel,
  And stands on the bridge in prayer.

A cry! a faint, faint cry! — scarce more
  Than a moan, — what can it be?
The miller gazes round and round,
  Peers downward searchingly;

Sees there, close by the standing wheel,
  The pallid upturned face
Of a little lad who bravely holds
  A child in his embrace.

"Praise God!" the miller cries. And lo!
  Ere Our Lady's chimes have ceased,
From the chilling, circling arms of death
  Are the little ones released.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

## The Queen's Gift.

WHERE English daisies blossom, and English robins sing,
When all the land was fragrant beneath the feet of Spring,

Two little sisters wandered together, hand in hand,
Along the dusty highway, their bare feet soiled and tanned.

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'Twas not a childish sorrow that filled their eyes
with tears;
Their little hearts were burdened with grief
beyond their years.

The bright-eyed daisies blossomed in valley and in
glen,
The robins sang their sweetest, Spring smiled —
but not for them.

Beneath the trees of Whitehall, within their
shadow brown,
From out the royal palace the Queen came walk-
ing down.

She saw the children standing together, side by
side,
And, gazing down with pity, she asked them why
they cried.

"Dear lady," said the eldest, "my little sister Bess
And I have come together a hundred miles, I guess.

"Sometimes the roads were dusty, and sometimes
they were green;
We're very tired and hungry; we want to see
the Queen.

"For mother's sick, dear lady, she cries 'most all
the day;
We hear her telling Jesus, when she thinks we're
at play;

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"She tells Him all about it, how, when King James was king,
We were so rich and happy, and had 'most every thing.

"We had our own dear father, at home beside the Thames;
But father went to battle because he loved King James.

"And then things were so different — I cannot tell you how.
We haven't any father nor any nice things now.

"Last night, our mother told us they'd take our home away,
And leave us without any, because she couldn't pay.

"So then we came together, right through the meadow green,
And prayed for God to help us, and take us to the Queen.

"Because mamma once told us, that, many years ago,
The Queen was James's little girl; and, lady, if 'twas so,

"I know she'll let us keep it, — our home beside the Thames —
For we have come to ask her, and father loved King James.

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"And if we had to leave it, I'm sure mamma would die,
For there's no place to go to, — no place but in the sky."

Her simple story finished, she gazed up in surprise,
To see the lovely lady with tear-drops in her eyes.

And when the English robins had sought each downy nest,
And when the bright-eyed daisies, dew-damp, had gone to rest,

A carriage, such as never had passed that way before,
Set down two little children beside the widow's door.

They brought the weeping mother a package from the Queen;
Her royal seal was on it, and, folded in between,

A slip of paper, saying: "The daughter of King James
Gives to these little children their home beside the Thames."

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

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## The Irish Drummer Boy.

THRICE up against their battery
We rushed to the attack,
And thrice with fearful slaughter
Our lines were driven back;

Digitized by Google

Once more our colonel marshalled us,
  And on we pushed again;
But torn and shattered, back recoiled,
  With scarcely half our men.

A cry of terror thrilled the ranks,
  And wavered the brigade;
Before their battering-guns we stood
  Pale, panting, and dismayed.
The last man of the color-guard
  His death-shot there had found,
And close beside his battle-flag
  Lay torn upon the ground.

Fast flashed the red artillery
  Our bleeding columns through,
And thick and fast to earth they fall,
  Our gallant men in blue.
A shuddering thrill, an icy chill,
  Through every bosom runs,
As faster fell the shot and shell
  From the Confederate guns.

'Twas then an Irish drummer-boy
  (Too young for such a scene)
Stepped proudly to the foremost ranks,
  Dressed in his jacket green,
And snatched from earth the tattered flag
  That lay all gory there,
Regardless of the hissing shell
  That hurled through the air.

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Proudly before the foeman's guns
  He waved the flag on high,
His face lit up, his fearless soul
  Shone in his flashing eye,
The light of heaven and martyrdom
  Beamed in his glowing face,
As if at once were centred there
  The fire of all his race.

"Shame on you, boys! will you desert
  The old flag to the foe?
Come on! who shrinks before his guns,
  Or fears his rebel blow?
Charge for our old flag again,"
  With fearless voice he said.
A moment more — and in his gore
  The drummer-boy lay dead.

We heard his shout, we saw him fall,
  The green flag in his hand,
We gazed upon his boyish face,
  So fearless, proud, and grand,
And from our ranks there burst a yell
  For blood, revenge, or death,
As if the infernal fiend of hell
  Had leaped upon the earth.

Up! 'gainst that blazing battery,
  With fiercely flashing blade,
In frantic fury fiercely sprung
  Each man of the brigade.

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No human force, no human power,
  Could turn that shock aside.
Deep, deep in blood our blades avenged
  That little boy who died.

Wrapped in his flag we buried him,
  And o'er his lonely grave
With saddened hearts our whole brigade
  A farewell volley gave;
For braver ne'er on field or plain,
  From Foyle to Fontenoy,
Died for the free, more grand than he, —
  That Irish drummer-boy.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

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## How He saved St. Michael's.

ON the roofs and glittering turrets of Charleston,
  as the sun went down,
The mellow glow of the twilight shone like a
  jewelled crown,
And, bathed in the living glory, as the people lifted
  their eyes,
They saw the pride of the city, the spire of St.
  Michael's, rise

High over the lesser steeples, tipped with a golden
  ball
That hung like a radiant planet caught in its earth-
  ward fall;
First glimpse of home to the sailor who made the
  harbor round,
And last slow-fading vision dear to the outward
  bound.

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The gently-gathering shadows shut out the waning light;
The children prayed at their bedsides, as they were wont each night;
The noise of buyer and seller from the busy mart was gone,
And in dreams of a peaceful morrow the city slumbered on.

But another light than sunrise aroused the sleeping street,
For a cry was heard at midnight, and the rush of trampling feet;
Men stared in each other's faces, through mingled fire and smoke,
While the frantic bells went clashing, clamorous, stroke on stroke.

By the glare of her blazing roof-tree the houseless mother fled,
With the babe she pressed to her bosom shrieking in nameless dread,
While the fire-king's wild battalions scaled wall and capstone high,
And planted their glaring banners against an inky sky.

From the death that raged behind them, and the crush of ruin loud,
To the great square of the city, were driven the surging crowd,

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Where yet firm in all the tumult, unscathed by the
fiery flood,
With its heavenward-pointing finger the Church of
St. Michael's stood.

But e'en as they gazed upon it, there rose a sudden
wail,
A cry of horror blended with the roaring of the
gale,
On whose scorching wings updriven, a single flaming brand
Aloft on the towering steeple clung like a bloody
hand.

"Will it fade?" the whisper trembled from a
thousand whitening lips;
Far out on the lurid harbor they watched it from
the ships,
A baleful gleam, that brighter and ever brighter
shone,
Like a flickering, trembling will-o'-the-wisp to a
steady beacon grown.

"Uncounted gold shall be given to the man whose
brave right hand,
For the love of the perilled city, plucks down yon
burning brand!"
So cried the mayor of Charleston, that all the
people heard,
But they looked each one at his fellow, and no man
spoke a word.

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Who is it leans from the belfry, with face upturned
to the sky —
Clings to a column, and measures the dizzy spire
with his eye?
Will he dare it, the hero undaunted, that terrible
sickening height?
Or will the hot blood of his courage freeze in his
veins at the sight?

But, see! he has stepped on the railing; he climbs
with his feet and his hands,
And firm on a narrow projection, with the belfry
beneath him he stands!
Now, once, and once only, they cheer him, — a
single tempestuous breath,
And there falls on the multitude gazing a hush
like the stillness of death.

Slow, steadily mounting, unheeding aught save the
goal of the fire,
Still higher and higher, an atom, he moves on the
face of the spire;
He stops! Will he fall? Lo! for answer, a gleam
like a meteor's track,
And, hurled on the stones of the pavement, the red
brand lies shattered and black!

Once more the shouts of the people have rent the
quivering air;
At the church door, mayor and council wait with
their feet on the stair,

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And the eager throng behind them press for a
touch of his hand,
The unknown savior whose daring could compass
a deed so grand.

But why does a sudden tremor seize on them as
they gaze?
And what meaneth that stifled murmur of wonder
and amaze?
He stood in the gate of the temple he had perilled
his life to save,
And the face of the unknown hero was the sable
face of a slave!

With folded arms he was speaking in tones that
were clear, not loud,
And his eyes, ablaze in their sockets, burnt into
the eyes of the crowd:
"Ye may keep your gold, I scorn it! but answer
me, ye who can,
If the deed I have done before you be not the deed
of a *man?*"

He stepped but a short space backward, and from
all the women and men
There were only sobs for answer; and the mayor
called for a pen,
And the great seal of the city, that he might read
who ran,
And the slave who saved St. Michael's went out
from its door a man.

MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

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## Child Lost!

"NINE," by the cathedral clock!
  Chill the air with rising damps;
Drearily from block to block
  In the gloom the bell-man tramps:—
    "Child lost! Child lost!
    Blue eyes, curly hair,
    Pink dress, — child lost!"

Something in the doleful strain
  Makes the dullest listener start,
And a sympathetic pain
  Shoot to every feeling heart.
Anxious fathers homeward haste,
  Musing with paternal pride
Of their daughters, happy-faced,
  Silken-haired and sparkling-eyed.
Many a tender mother sees
  Younglings playing round her chair,
Thinking, "If 'twere one of these,
  How could I the anguish bear?"

"Ten," the old cathedral sounds;
  Dark and gloomy are the streets;
Still the bell-man goes his rounds,
  Still his doleful cry repeats:—
    "Oh, yes! oh, yes!
    Child lost! Blue eyes,
    Curly hair, pink dress,—
    Child lost! Child lost!"

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"Can't my little one be found?
  Are there any tidings, friend?"
Cries the mother, "Is she drowned?
  Is she stolen? God forfend!
Search the commons, search the parks,
  Search the doorways and the halls,
Search the alleys foul and dark,
  Search the empty market-stalls.
Here is gold and silver — see!
  Take it all and welcome, man;
Only bring my child to me,
  Let me have my child again."

Hark! the old cathedral bell
  Peals "eleven," and it sounds
To the mother like a knell;
  Still the bell-man goes his rounds: —
    "Child lost! Child lost!
    Blue eyes, curly hair,
    Pink dress, — child lost!"

Half aroused from dreams of peace,
  Many hear the lonesome call,
Then into their beds of ease
  Into deeper slumbers fall;
But the anxious mother cries,
  "Oh, my darling's curly hair!
Oh, her sweetly smiling eyes!
  Have you sought her everywhere?
Long and agonizing dread
  Chills my heart, and drives me wild;
What if Minnie should be dead?
  God in mercy find my child!"

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"Twelve," by the cathedral clock;
Dimly shine the midnight lamps;
Drearily from block to block,
In the rain the bell-man tramps: —
"Child lost! Child lost!
Blue eyes, curly hair,
Pink dress, — child lost!"

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## In the Orphan-House.

THEY sat at supper on Christmas Eve,
The boys of the orphan-school,
And the least of them all rose up to say
The quaint old grace in the old-time way,
Which always had been the rule: —
"Lord Jesus Christ, be Thou our guest,
And share the bread which Thou hast blessed."

The oaken rafters, holly bedight,
And brave in their Christmas guise,
Cast shadows down on the fair young face,
The hands clasped close with childish grace,
The reverent wistful eyes;
And for a moment, as he ceased,
Unheeded smoked the Christmas feast.

The smallest scholar he sat him down,
And the spoons began to clink
In the pewter porringers one by one,
But one little fellow had scarce begun
When he stopped, and said, "I think" —

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And then he paused with a reddened cheek,
But the kindly master bade him "Speak!"

"Why does the Lord Christ never come?"
  Asked the child in a shy, soft way;
"Time after time we have prayed that He
Would make one of our company,
  Just as we did to-day;
But He never has come, for all our prayer.
Do you think He would, if I set Him a chair?"

"Perhaps. Who knoweth?" the master said,
  And he made the sign of the cross;
While the zealous little one gladly sped,
And drew a chair to the table's head,
  'Neath a great ivy boss,
Then turned to the door, as in sure quest
Of the entrance of the Holy Guest.

Even as he waited the latch was raised,
  The door swung wide, and lo!
A pale little beggar-boy stood there,
With shoeless feet and flying hair
  All powdered white with snow.
"I have no food, I have no bed;
For Christ's sake take me in," he said.

The startled scholars were silent all,
  The master dumbly gazed;
The shivering beggar he stood still, —
The snowflakes melting at their will, —
  Bewildered and amazed
At the strange hush; and nothing stirred,
And no one uttered a welcoming word, —

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Till, glad and joyful, the same dear child
  Upraised his voice, and said, —
"The Lord has heard us now, I know;
He could not come Himself, and so
  He sent this boy instead,
His chair to fill, His place to take,
For us to welcome for His sake."

Then, quick and zealous, every one
  Sprang from the table up.
The chair for Jesus ready set
Received the beggar cold and wet;
  Each pressed his plate and cup.
"Take mine! take mine!" they urged and prayed;
The beggar thanked them, half dismayed.

And as he feasted, and quite forgot
  His woe in the new content,
The ivy and holly garlanded
Round the old rafters overhead
  Breathed forth a rich, strange scent;
And it seemed as if in the green-hung hall,
Stood a Presence unseen, which blessed them all.

O lovely legend of olden time,
  Be thou as true to-day!
The Lord Christ stands by every door,
Veiled in the person of His poor,
  And all our hearts can pray, —
"Lord Jesus Christ, be Thou our guest,
And share the bread which Thou hast blessed."

SUSAN COOLIDGE, in *Wide Awake*.

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## The Little Hatchet; or, The Centennial Boy.

It became our fortune, recently, to entertain a five-year-old cherub, Clarence Alençon de Caruthers by name, and we told him the well-known story of the Father of his Country.

"Well, one day, George's father" —

"George who?" asked Clarence.

"George Washington. He was a little boy then, just like you. One day his father" —

"Whose father?" demanded Clarence, with an encouraging expression of interest.

"George Washington's; this great man we are telling you of. One day George Washington's father gave him a little hatchet for a" —

"Gave who a little hatchet?" the dear child interrupted, with a gleam of bewitching intelligence. Most men would have got mad, or betrayed signs of impatience, but we didn't. We know how to talk to children. So we went on: —

"George Washington. His" —

"Who gave him the little hatchet?"

"His father. And his father" —

"Whose father?"

"George Washington's."

"Oh!"

"Yes, George Washington. And his father told him" —

"Told who?"

"Told George."

"Oh, yes, George."

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And we went on, just as patient and as pleasant as you could imagine. We took up the story right where the boy interrupted, for we could see he was just crazy to hear the end of it. We said:—

"And he was told"—

"George told him?" queried Clarence.

"No, his father told George"—

"Oh!"

"Yes; told him he must be careful with the hatchet"—

"Who must be careful?"

"George must."

"Oh!"

"Yes; must be careful with his hatchet"—

"What hatchet?"

"Why, George's."

"Oh!"

"With the hatchet, and not cut himself with it, or drop it in the cistern, or leave it out in the grass all night. So George went round cutting every thing he could reach with his hatchet. And at last he came to a splendid apple-tree, his father's favorite, and cut it down and"—

"Who cut it down?"

"George did."

"Oh!"

"But his father came home, and saw it the first thing, and"—

"Saw the hatchet?"

"No; saw the apple-tree. And he said, 'Who has cut down my favorite apple-tree?'"

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"What apple-tree?"

"George's father's. And everybody said they didn't know any thing about it, and" —

"Any thing about what?"

"The apple-tree."

"Oh!"

"And George came up, and heard them talking about it" —

"Heard who talking about it?"

"Heard his father and the men."

"What were they talking about?"

"About this apple-tree."

"What apple-tree?"

"The favorite tree that George cut down."

"George who?"

"George Washington."

"Oh!"

"So George came up, and heard them talking about it, and he" —

"What did he cut it down for?"

"Just to try his little hatchet."

"Whose little hatchet?"

"Why, his own, the one his father gave him."

"Gave who?"

"Why, George Washington."

"Oh!"

"So George came up, and he said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie, I'" —

"Who couldn't tell a lie?"

"Why, George Washington. He said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. It was'" —

"His father couldn't?"

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"Why, no; George couldn't."

"Oh! George? oh, yes!"

"'It was I cut down your apple-tree; I did'"—

"His father did?"

"No, no; it was George said this."

"Said he cut his father?"

"No, no, no; said he cut down his apple-tree."

"George's apple-tree?"

"No, no; his father's."

"Oh!"

"He said—"

"His father said?"

"No, no, no; George said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet.' And his father said, 'Noble boy, I would rather lose a thousand trees than have you tell a lie.'"

"George did?"

"No; his father said that."

"Said he'd rather have a thousand apple-trees?"

"No, no, no; said he'd rather lose a thousand apple-trees than"—

"Said he'd rather George would?"

"No; said he'd rather he would than have him lie."

"Oh! George would rather have his father lie?"

We are patient, and we love children; but if Mrs. Caruthers hadn't come and got her prodigy at that critical juncture, we don't believe all Burlington could have pulled us out of the snarl. And as Clarence Alençon de Marchemont Caruthers pattered down the stairs, we heard him telling his ma about a boy who had a father named

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George, and he told him to cut down an apple-tree, and he said he'd rather tell a thousand lies than cut down one apple-tree.

*Burlington Hawkeye.*

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## Kentucky Belle.

SUMMER of sixty-three, sir, and Conrad was gone away, —
Gone to the county-town, sir, to sell our first load of hay;
We lived in the log house yonder, poor as ever you've seen;
Röschen there was a baby, and I was only nineteen.

Conrad he took the oxen, but he left Kentucky Belle.
How much we thought of Kentuck, I couldn't begin to tell, —
Came from the Blue-Grass country; my father gave her to me
When I rode North with Conrad, away from the Tennessee.

Conrad lived in Ohio, — a German he is, you know, —
The house stood in broad corn-fields, stretching on, row after row.
The old folks made me welcome; they were kind as kind could be;
But I kept longing, longing, for the hills of the Tennessee.

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Oh for a sight of water, the shadowed slope of a hill!
Clouds that hang on the summit, a wind that never is still!
But the level land went stretching away to meet the sky, —
Never a rise from north to south, to rest the weary eye.

From east to west, no river to shine out under the moon,
Nothing to make a shadow in the yellow afternoon:
Only the breathless sunshine, as I looked out, all forlorn;
Only the "rustle, rustle," as I walked among the corn.

When I fell sick with pining, we didn't wait any more,
But moved away from the corn-lands, out to this river-shore;
The Tuscarawas it's called, sir, — off there's a hill, you see, —
And now I've grown to like it next best to the Tennessee.

I was at work that morning. Some one came riding like mad
Over the bridge and up the road, — Farmer Rouf's little lad.

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Bareback he rode; he had no hat; he hardly stopped to say, —
"Morgan's men are coming, Frau! they're galloping on this way.

"I'm sent to warn the neighbors. He isn't a mile behind;
He sweeps up all the horses, — every horse that he can find.
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men,
With bowie-knives and pistols, are galloping up the glen!"

The lad rode down the valley, and I stood still at the door;
The baby laughed and prattled, playing with spools on the floor;
Kentuck was out in the pasture; Conrad, my man, was gone.
Near, nearer, Morgan's men were galloping, galloping on!

Sudden I picked up baby, and ran to the pasture-bar.
"Kentuck!" I called — "Kentucky!" She knew me ever so far!
I led her down the gully that turns off there to the right,
And tied her to the bushes; her head was just out of sight.

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As I ran back to the log house, at once there came
a sound, —
The ring of hoofs, galloping hoofs, trembling over
the ground,
Coming into the turnpike out from the White-
Woman Glen, —
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible
men.

As near they drew and nearer, my heart beat fast
in alarm;
But still I stood in the doorway, with baby on my
arm.
They came; they passed; with spur and whip in
haste they sped along, —
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and his band, six hun-
dred strong.

Weary they looked and jaded, riding through
night and through day;
Pushing on east to the river, many long miles
away,
To the border-strip where Virginia runs up into
the west,
And ford the Upper Ohio before they could stop
to rest.

On like the wind they hurried, and Morgan rode
in advance.
Bright were his eyes like live coals, as he gave me
a sideways glance;

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And I was just breathing freely, after my choking pain,
When the last one of the troopers suddenly drew his rein.

Frightened I was to death, sir; I scarce dared look in his face,
As he asked for a drink of water, and glanced around the place.
I gave him a cup, and he smiled, — 'twas only a boy, you see;
Faint and worn, with dim-blue eyes; and he'd sailed on the Tennessee.

Only sixteen he was, sir, — a fond mother's only son —
Off and away with Morgan before his life had begun!
The damp drops stood on his temples; drawn was the boyish mouth;
And I thought me of the mother waiting down in the South.

Oh! pluck was he to the backbone, and clear grit through and through;
Boasted and bragged like a trooper; but the big words wouldn't do.
The boy was dying, sir, dying, as plain as plain could be,
Worn out by his ride with Morgan up from the Tennessee.

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But, when I told the laddie that I too was from the South,
Water came in his dim eyes, and quivers around his mouth.
"Do you know the Blue-Grass country?" he wistful began to say;
Then swayed like a willow-sapling, and fainted dead away.

I had him into the log house, and worked and brought him to;
I fed him and coaxed him, as I thought his mother'd do;
And when the lad got better, and the noise in his head was gone,
Morgan's men were miles away, galloping, galloping on.

"Oh! I must go," he muttered; "I must be up and away,
Morgan — Morgan is waiting for me! Oh, what will Morgan say?"
But I heard the sound of tramping, and kept him back from the door, —
The ringing sound of horses' hoofs that I had heard before.

And on, on, came the soldiers, — the Michigan cavalry, —
And fast they rode, and black they looked, galloping rapidly.

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They had followed hard on Morgan's track, they had followed day and night;
But of Morgan and Morgan's raiders they had never caught a sight.

And rich Ohio sat startled through all those summer days;
For strange, wild men were galloping over her broad highways, —
Now here, now there, now seen, now gone, now north, now east, now west,
Through river-valleys and corn-land farms, sweeping away her best.

A bold ride and a long ride! But they were taken at last.
They almost reached the river by galloping hard and fast;
But the boys in blue were upon them ere ever they gained the ford,
And Morgan, Morgan the raider, laid down his terrible sword.

Well, I kept the boy till evening, — kept him against his will —
But he was too weak to follow, and sat there pale and still.
When it was cool and dusky — you'll wonder to hear me tell,
But I stole down to that gully, and brought up Kentucky Belle.

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I kissed the star on her forehead, — my pretty gentle lass, —
But I knew that she'd be happy back in the old Blue-Grass.
A suit of clothes of Conrad's, with all the money I had,
And Kentuck, pretty Kentuck, I gave to the worn-out lad.

I guided him to the southward as well as I knew how;
The boy rode off with many thanks, and many a backward bow;
And then the glow it faded, and my heart began to swell,
As down the glen away she went, my lost Kentucky Belle!

When Conrad came in the evening, the moon was shining high;
Baby and I were both crying — I couldn't tell him why —
But a battered suit of rebel gray was hanging on the wall,
And a thin old horse with drooping head stood in Kentucky's stall.

Well, he was kind, and never once said a hard word to me:
He knew I couldn't help it — 'twas all for the Tennessee.

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But, after the war was over, just think what came to pass, —
A letter, sir; and the two were safe back in the old Blue-Grass.

The lad had got across the border, riding Kentucky Belle;
And Kentuck she was thriving, and fat and hearty and well;
He cared for her, and kept her, nor touched her with whip or spur.
Ah! we've had many horses, but never a horse like her.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

## The Water-Mill.

OH! listen to the water-mill, through all the live-long day,
As the clicking of the wheels wears hour by hour away;
How languidly the autumn wind doth stir the withered leaves,
As on the field the reapers sing, while binding up the sheaves!
A solemn proverb strikes my mind, and as a spell is cast:
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

The summer winds revive no more leaves strewn o'er earth and main,
The sickle nevermore will reap the yellow garnered grain;

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The rippling stream flows ever on, aye tranquil, deep and still,
But never glideth back again to busy water-mill.
The solemn proverb speaks to all, with meaning deep and vast:
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Oh! clasp the proverb to thy soul, dear loving heart and true,
For golden years are fleeting by, and youth is passing too;
Ah! learn to make the most of life, nor lose one happy day,
For time will ne'er return sweet joys neglected, thrown away;
Nor leave one tender word unsaid, thy kindness sow broadcast:
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Oh the wasted hours of life, that have swiftly drifted by!
Alas! the good we might have done, all gone without a sigh;
Love that we might once have saved by a single kindly word,
Thoughts conceived but ne'er expressed, perishing unpenned, unheard.
Oh! take the lesson to thy soul, forever clasp it fast:
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

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Work on while yet the sun doth shine, thou man
of strength and will,
The streamlet ne'er doth useless glide by clicking
water-mill;
Nor wait until to-morrow's light beams brightly on
thy way,
For all that thou canst call thine own lies in the
phrase "to-day:"
Possessions, power, and blooming health must all
be lost at last —
"The mill will never grind again with water that
is past."

Oh! love thy God and fellow-man, thyself consider
last,
For come it will when thou must scan dark errors
of the past;
Soon will this night of life be o'er, and earth recede
from view,
And heaven in all its glory shine where all is pure
and true.
Ah! then thou'lt see more clearly still the proverb
deep and vast:
"The mill will never grind again with water that
is past."

D. C. McCallum.

## The Minstrel-Boy.

The minstrel-boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him —

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"Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
Though all the world betrays thee,
*One* sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
*One* faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The minstrel fell:—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the brave and free,
They shall never sound in slavery."

THOMAS MOORE.

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## Little Mary's Wish.

"I HAVE seen the first robin of spring, mother dear,
And have heard the brown darling sing;
You said, 'Hear it, and wish, and 'twill surely come true;'
So I've wished such a beautiful thing!

"I thought I would like to ask something for *you*,
But I couldn't think what there could be
That you'd want while you had all these beautiful things;
Besides, you have papa and me.

"So I wished for a ladder, so long that 'twould stand
One end by our own cottage door,
And the other go up past the moon and the stars,
And lean against heaven's white floor.

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"Then I'd get you to put on my pretty white dress,
With my sash and my darling new shoes;
Then I'd find some white roses to take up to God, —
The most beautiful ones I could choose;

"And you and dear papa would sit on the ground,
And kiss me, and tell me 'Good-by!'
Then I'd go up the ladder far out of your sight,
Till I came to the door in the sky.

"I wonder if God keeps the door fastened tight?
If but *one* little crack I could see,
I would whisper, 'Please, God, let this little girl in,
She's as tired as she can be!

"'She came all alone from the earth to the sky,
For she's always been wanting to see
The gardens of heaven, with their robins and flowers;
Please, God, is there room there for me?'

"And then, when the angels had opened the door,
God would say, 'Bring the little child here,'
But he'd speak it so softly I'd not be afraid;
And he'd smile just like you, mother dear.

"He would put his kind arms round your dear little girl;
And I'd ask him to send down for you,
And papa, and cousin, and all that I love —
Oh dear! don't you wish 'twould come true?"

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The next springtime, when the robins came home,
  They sang over grasses and flowers
That grew where the foot of the ladder stood,
  Whose top reached the heavenly bowers.

And the parents had dressed the pale, still child,
  For her flight to the summer land,
In a fair white robe, with one snow-white rose
  Folded tight in her pulseless hand.

And now at the foot of the ladder they sit,
  Looking upward with quiet tears,
Till the beckoning hand and the fluttering robe
  Of the child at the top appears.

MRS. L. M. BLINN, in *Our Young Folks.*

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## The Engineer's Story.

WE were lumbering along in the twilight,
  The night was dropping her shade,
And the "Gladiator" labored —
  Climbing the top of the grade;
The train was heavily laden,
  So I let my engine rest,
Climbing the grading slowly,
  Till we reached the upland's crest.

I held my watch to the lamplight —
  Ten minutes behind the time!
Lost in the slackened motion
  Of the up-grade's heavy climb;

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But I knew the miles of the prairie
  That stretched a level track,
So I touched the gauge of the boiler,
  And pulled the lever back.

Over the rails a-gleaming,
  Thirty an hour, or so,
The engine leaped like a demon,
  Breathing a fiery glow;
But to me — a-hold of the lever —
  It seemed a child alway,
Trustful and always ready
  My lightest touch to obey.

I was proud, you know, of my engine,
  Holding it steady that night,
And my eye on the track before us,
  Ablaze with the Drummond light.
We neared a well-known cabin,
  Where a child of three or four,
As the up train passed, oft called me,
  A-playing around the door.

My hand was firm on the throttle
  As we swept around the curve,
When something afar in the shadow
  Struck fire through every nerve.
I sounded the brakes, and crashing
  The reverse lever down in dismay,
Groaning to Heaven — eighty paces
  Ahead was the child at its play!

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One instant,—one, awful and only,
  The world flew round in my brain,
And I smote my hand hard on my forehead
  To keep back the terrible pain;
The train I thought flying forever,
  With mad irresistible roll,
While the cries of the dying, the night wind
  Swept into my shuddering soul.

Then I stood on the front of the engine—
  How I got there, I never could tell—
My feet planted down on the crossbar,
  Where the cow-catcher slopes to the rail,—
One hand firmly locked on the coupler,
  And one held out in the night,
While my eye gauged the distance, and measured
  The speed of our slackening flight.

My mind, thank the Lord! it was steady;
  I saw the curls of her hair,
And the face that, turning in wonder,
  Was lit by the deadly glare.
I know little more, but I heard it,—
  The groan of the anguished wheels—
And remember thinking, the engine
  In agony trembles and reels.

One rod! To the day of my dying
  I shall think the old engine reared back,
And as it recoiled with a shudder,
  I swept my hand over the track;

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Then darkness fell over my eyelids,
  But I heard the surge of the train,
And the poor old engine creaking
  As racked by a deadly pain.

They found us, they said, on the gravel,
  My fingers enmeshed in her hair,
And she on my bosom a-climbing
  To nestle securely there.
We are not much given to crying—
  We men that run on the road—
But that night, they said, there were faces
  With tears on them, lifted to God.

For years in the eve and the morning,
  As I neared the cabin again,
My hand on the lever pressed downward,
  And slackened the speed of the train.
When my engine had blown her a greeting,
  She always would come to the door;
And her look with a fulness of heaven
  Blesses me evermore.

## Guilty or Not Guilty.

SHE stood at the bar of justice,
  A creature wan and wild,
In form too small for a woman,
  In features too old for a child,
For a look so worn and pathetic
  Was stamped on her pale young face,
It seemed long years of suffering
  Must have left that silent trace.

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"Your name," said the judge, as he eyed her
With kindly look, yet keen.
"Is Mary McGuire, if you please, sir."
"And your age?" — "I am just fifteen."
"Well, Mary," and then from a paper
He slowly and gravely read,
"You are charged here — I am sorry to say it —
With stealing three loaves of bread.

"You look not like an offender,
And I hope that you can show
The charge to be false. Now, tell me,
Are you guilty of this, or no?"
A passionate burst of weeping
Was at first her sole reply,
But she dried her eyes in a moment,
And looked in the judge's eye.

"I will tell you just how it was, sir:
My father and mother are dead,
And my little brother and sisters
Were hungry, and asked me for bread.
At first I earned it for them
By working hard all day;
But somehow times were bad, sir,
And the work all fell away.

"I could get no more employment;
The weather was bitter cold,
The children cried and shivered
(Little Johnny's but four years old);

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"So, what was I to do, sir?
  I am guilty, but do not condemn;
I *took* — oh, was it *stealing?* —
  The bread to give to them."

Every man in the court-room —
  Gray-beard and thoughtless youth —
Knew, as he looked upon her,
  That the prisoner spake the truth.
Out from their pockets came kerchiefs,
  Out from their eyes sprung tears,
And out from their old faded wallets
  Treasures hoarded for years.

The judge's face was a study —
  The strangest you ever saw,
And he cleared his throat, and murmured
  *Something* about the *law.*
For one so learned in such matters,
  So wise in dealing with men,
He seemed, on a simple question,
  Sorely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him or wondered,
  When at last these words they heard:
"The sentence of this young prisoner
  Is, for the present, deferred."
And no one blamed him or wondered,
  When he went to her and smiled,
And tenderly led from the court-room,
  Himself, the "guilty" child.

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## Ballad of the Tempest.

We were crowded in the cabin,
  Not a soul would dare to sleep,
It was midnight on the waters,
  And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
  To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
  Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,
  For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
  And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
  Each one busy in his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
  As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
  As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean
  Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
  And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
  When the morn was shining clear.

James T. Fields.

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## Matins.

RICHARD the lion-hearted,
  Parting for Palestine,
In lone St. Mary's Abbey
  Knelt at Our Lady's shrine,
And begged that the abbot's blessing
  And the monks' prevailing prayer
Might follow him over the waters,
  And the deserts brown and bare.

"God be praised!" quoth the abbot,
  "By holy rood, I swear
That at matins and sext and complin,
  Through the church's sacred air,
Petitions shall rise to heaven,
  That safe be the wave and the shore
For our noble sovereign Richard,
  Till he conqueror comes once more."

The moon of another April
  Shone on an Eastern sea;
And sailing by rocky Cyprus,
  The Holy Land to free,
Were the king and his Norman nobles;
  When out of the south there blew
The blast of the dread sirocco,
  And away the good ship flew

Into the blinding darkness,
  Into the howling storm,
While the soft spray wreathed before her
  A beckoning demon form.

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"Mary, have mercy!" the sailors
  Shrieked, as the mast went down.
"Bitter is death!" sighed the nobles,
  "So near to our glory's crown."

Leaning over the bulwarks,
  Richard, risen from rest,
With his white brow bared to the tempest,
  And his blue eyes turned to the west,
Cried in a voice of anguish
  That rang o'er the foaming sea,
"Would God it were time for matins,
  And the gray monks prayed for me!"

Meanwhile on the fields of England
  The dew distilled its balm,
And the lone Cistercian abbey
  Slept in the midnight calm,
Till the moon had passed the zenith,
  And the watch of morning fell;
When over the wood and the moorland
  Rang clear the matin bell!

Then through the silent cloisters
  And under the arches dim,
Abbot and monk and friar,
  Chanting a solemn hymn —
(While the flame of the stone-hewn cresset
  Flared with its rise and fall,
And the Virgin smiled serenely
  From her niche in the lofty wall),

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Entered the aisle to the altar,
  And knelt with the fervent prayer
That still for their sovereign Richard
  The winds might be soft and fair.
"Bless him, O Lord!" quoth the abbot,
  "And bring him in peace again
With the sign of our faith triumphant."
  And the monks said low, "Amen."

That moment over the tempest
  A lull stole out of the west,
And the ship rocked light as a sea-bird
  Asleep on the ocean's breast.
"Lord of my life," cried Richard,
  "Thine shall the glory be!
I know 'tis the hour for matins,
  And the *gray monks pray for me.*"

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## Maclaine's Child.

"MACLAINE! you've scourged me like a hound.
You should have struck me to the ground;
You should have played a chieftain's part;
You should have stabbed me to the heart.

"And for this wrong which you have done,
I'll wreak my vengeance on your son."
He seized the child with sudden hold,
A smiling infant three years old,

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And, leaping for the topmost ledge,
He held the infant o'er its edge;
"In vain thy wrath, thy sorrow vain;
No hand shall save it, proud Maclaine!"

With flashing eye and burning brow
The mother followed, heedless how;
But, midway up the rugged steep,
She found a chasm she could not leap;

And, kneeling on its brink, she raised
Her supplicating hands, and gazed.
"Oh, spare my child, my joy, my pride!
Oh, give me back my child!" she cried.

"Come, Evan," said the trembling chief—
His bosom wrung with pride and grief—
"Restore the boy, give back my son,
And I'll forgive the wrong you've done."

"I scorn forgiveness, haughty man!
You've injured me before the clan,
And naught but blood shall wipe away
The shame I have endured to-day."

And as he spoke he raised the child,
To dash it 'mid the breakers wild:
But, at the mother's piercing cry,
Drew back a step, and made reply:

"Fair lady, if your lord will strip,
And let a clansman wield the whip,

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Till skin shall flay, and blood shall run,
I'll give you back your little son."

The lady's cheek grew pale with ire;
The chieftain's eyes flashed sudden fire;
He drew a pistol from his breast,
Took aim, then dropped it, sore distressed.

"I might have slain my babe instead.
Come, Evan, come," the father said,
And through his heart a tremor ran,
"We'll fight our quarrel man to man."

"You've heard my answer, proud Maclaine.
I will not fight you — think again."
The lady stood in mute despair,
With freezing blood, and stiffening hair.

She moved no limb, she spoke no word,
She could not look upon her lord.
He saw the quivering of her eye,
Pale lips, and speechless agony.

And, doing battle with his pride,
"Give back the boy — I yield!" he cried.
Thus love prevailed; and bending low,
He bared his shoulders to the blow.

"I smite you," said the clansman true.
"Forgive me, chief, the deed I do!
For by yon heaven that hears me speak,
My dirk in Evan's heart shall reek!"

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But Evan's face beamed hate and joy;
Close to his breast he hugged the boy;
"Revenge is just, revenge is sweet,
And mine, Maclaine, shall be complete."

Ere hand could stir, with sudden shock
He threw the infant o'er the rock,
Then followed with a desperate leap,
Down fifty fathoms to the deep.

They found their bodies in the tide;
And never, till the day she died,
Was that sad mother known to smile;
The Niobe of Mulla's isle.

CHARLES MACKAY.

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## Aunty Doleful's Visit.

How do you do, Cornelia? I heard you were sick, and I stepped in to cheer you up a little. My friends often say, "It's such a comfort to see you, Aunty Doleful. You have such a flow of conversation, and *are* so lively." Besides, I said to myself, as I came up the stairs, "Perhaps it's the last time I'll ever see Cornelia Jane alive."

You don't mean to die yet, eh? Well, now, how do you know? You can't tell. You think you are getting better; but there was poor Mrs. Jones sitting up, and every one saying how smart she was, and all of a sudden she was taken with spasms in the heart, and went off like a flash. But you must be careful, and not get anxious or excited.

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Keep quite calm, and don't fret about any thing. Of course, things can't go on jest as if you were down stairs; and I wondered whether you knew your little Billy was sailing about in a tub on the mill-pond, and that your little Sammy was letting your little Jimmy down from the veranda roof in a clothes-basket.

Gracious goodness! what's the matter? I guess Providence'll take care of 'em. Don't look so. You thought Bridget was watching them? Well, no, she isn't. I saw her talking to a man at the gate. He looked to me like a burglar. No doubt she let him take the impression of the door-key in wax, and then he'll get in and murder you all. There was a family at Kobble Hill all killed last week for fifty dollars. Now, don't fidget so; it will be bad for the baby.

Poor little dear! How singular it is, to be sure, that you can't tell whether a child is blind, or deaf and dumb, or a cripple, at that age. It might be *all*, and you'd never know it.

Most of them that have their senses make bad use of them though: *that* ought to be your comfort, if it does turn out to have any thing dreadful the matter with it. And more don't live a year. I saw a baby's funeral down the street as I came along.

How is Mr. Kobble? Well, but finds it warm in town, eh? Well, I should think he would. They are dropping down by hundreds there with sun-stroke. You must prepare your mind to have him brought home any day. Anyhow, a trip on these railroad-trains is just risking your life every time

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you take one. Back and forth every day as he is, it's just trifling with danger.

Dear, dear! now to think what dreadful things hang over us all the time! Dear, dear!

Scarlet fever has broken out in the village, Cornélia. Little Isaac Potter has it, and I saw your Jimmy playing with him last Saturday.

Well, I must be going now. I've got another sick friend, and I sha'n't think my duty done unless I cheer her up a little before I sleep. Good-by. How pale you look, Cornelia! I don't believe you have a good doctor. Do send him away, and try some one else. You don't look so well as you did when I came in. But if any thing happens, send for me at once. If I can't do any thing else, I can cheer you up a little.

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

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## The Hunters.

IN the bright October morning
  Savoy's duke had left his bride;
From the castle, past the drawbridge,
  Flowed the hunters' merry tide.

Steeds are neighing, gallants glittering;
  Gay, her smiling lord to greet,
From her mullioned chamber casement
  Smiles the Duchess Marguerite.

From Vienna by the Danube
  Here she came, a bride, in spring;
Now the autumn crisps the forest,
  Hunters gather, bugles ring.

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Hark! the game's on foot; they scatter;
  Down the forest-ridings lone,
Furious, single horsemen gallop —
  Hark! a shout — a crash — a groan!

Pale and breathless came the hunters;
  On the turf, dead, lies the boar;
But the duke lies stretched beside him,
  Senseless, weltering in his gore.

In the dull October evening,
  Down the leaf-strewn forest road,
To the castle, past the drawbridge,
  Came the hunters with their load.

In the hall with sconces blazing,
  Ladies waiting round her seat,
Clothed with smiles, beneath the daïs
  Sat the Duchess Marguerite.

Hark! below the gates unbarring,
  Tramp of men, and quick commands.
"'Tis my lord come back from hunting!"
  And the duchess claps her hands.

Slow and tired came the hunters,
  Stopped in darkness in the court.
"Ho! this way, ye laggard hunters!
  To the hall! What sport? what sport?"

Slow they entered with their master;
  In the hall they laid him down;
On his coat were leaves and blood-stains,
  On his brow an angry frown.

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Dead her princely, youthful husband
  Lay before his youthful wife, —
Bloody, 'neath the flaring sconces;
  And the sight froze all her life.

In Vienna by the Danube,
  Kings hold revel, gallants meet;
Gay, of old, amid the gayest
  Was the Duchess Marguerite.

In Vienna by the Danube,
  Feast and dance her youth beguiled;
Till that hour she never sorrowed,
  But from then she never smiled.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## Piccola.

POOR, sweet Piccola! Did you hear
What happened to Piccola, children dear?
'Tis seldom Fortune such favor grants
As fell to this little maid of France.

'Twas Christmas time, and her parents poor
Could hardly drive the wolf from the door,
Striving with poverty's patient pain
Only to live till summer again.

No gift for Piccola! sad were they
When dawned the morning of Christmas Day;
Their little darling no joy might stir;
St. Nicholas nothing would bring to her!

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But Piccola never doubted at all
That something beautiful must befall
Every child upon Christmas Day;
And so she slept till the dawn was gray.

And full of faith, when at last she woke,
She stole to her shoe as the morning broke.
Such sounds of gladness filled all the air!
'Twas plain St. Nicholas had been there.

In rushed Piccola, sweet, half wild —
Never was seen such a joyful child —
"See what the good saint brought!" she cried,
And mother and father must peep inside.

Now, such a story I never heard!
There was a little shivering bird:
A sparrow, that in at the window flew,
Had crept into Piccola's tiny shoe!

"How good poor Piccola must have been!"
She cried, as happy as any queen,
While the starving sparrow she fed and warmed,
And danced with rapture, she was so charmed.

Children, this story I tell to you
Of Piccola sweet and her bird, is true.
In the far-off land of France, they say,
Still do they live to this very day.

CELIA THAXTER.

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## Asleep at the Switch.

THE first thing that I remember was Carlo tugging away
With the sleeve of my coat fast in his teeth, pulling, as much as to say:
"Come, master, awake! attend to the switch, lives now depend upon you —
Think of the souls in the coming train, and the graves you are sending them to;
Think of the mother and babe at her breast; think of the father and son;
Think of the lover and loved one, too; think of them doomed every one
To fall (as it were by your very hand) into yon fathomless ditch,
Murdered by one who should guard them from harm, who now lies asleep at the switch."

I sprang up amazed — scarce knew where I stood, sleep had o'ermastered me so;
I could hear the wind hollowly howling, and the deep river dashing below;
I could hear the forest leaves rustling, as the trees by the tempest were fanned.
But what was that noise in the distance? That, I could not understand.
I heard it at first indistinctly, like the rolling of some muffled drum,
Then nearer and nearer it came to me, till it made my very ears hum:

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What is this light that surrounds me, and seems
to set fire to my brain?
What whistle's that, yelling so shrilly? Oh, God!
I know now: it's the train!

We often stand facing some danger, and seem to
take root to the place;
So I stood, with this demon before me, its heated
breath scorching my face;
Its head-light made day of the darkness, and
glared like the eyes of some witch —
The train was almost upon me before I remem-
bered the switch.
I sprang to it, seizing it wildly, the train dashing
fast down the track;
The switch resisted my efforts, some devil seemed
holding it back.
On, on came the fiery-eyed monster, and shot by
my face like a flash;
I swooned to the earth the next moment, and
knew nothing after the crash.

How long I lay there unconscious, 'twas impossible
for me to tell;
My stupor was almost a heaven, my waking almost
a hell, —
For I then heard the piteous moaning and shriek-
ing of husbands and wives,
And I thought of the day we all shrink from,
when I must account for their lives.
Mothers rushed by me like maniacs, their eyes
glaring madly and wild;

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Fathers, losing their courage, gave way to their grief like a child;
Children searching for parents, I noticed, as by me they sped,
And lips that could form naught but "mamma," were calling for one perhaps dead.

My mind was made up in a moment: the river should hide me away,
When, under the still burning rafters I suddenly noticed there lay
A little white hand: she who owned it was doubtless an object of love
To one whom her loss would drive frantic, though she guarded him now from above;
I tenderly lifted the rafters, and quietly laid them one side;
How little she thought of her journey when she left for this dark, fatal ride!
I lifted the last log from off her, and while searching for some spark of life,
Turned her little face up in the starlight, and recognized — Maggie, my wife!

O Lord! Thy scourge is a hard one, at a blow Thou hast shattered my pride;
My life will be one endless night-time with Maggie away from my side.
How often I'd sat down and pictured the scenes in our long, happy life;
How I'd strive through all my lifetime to build up a home for my wife;

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How people would envy us always in our cosey
and neat little nest;
How *I* should do all the labor, and Maggie should
all the day rest;
How one of God's blessings might cheer us, how
some day I p'raps should be rich; —
But all of my dreams have been shattered, while
I lay there asleep at the switch!

I fancied I stood on my trial; the jury and judge
I could see,
And every eye in the court-room was steadfastly
fixed upon me;
And fingers were pointed in scorn, till I felt my
face blushing blood-red,
And the next thing I heard were the words,
"Hanged by the neck until dead."
Then I felt myself pulled once again, and my
hand caught tight hold of a dress,
And I heard "What's the matter, dear Jem?
You've had a bad nightmare, I guess!"
And there stood Maggie, my wife, with never a
scar from the ditch.
I'd been taking a nap in my bed, and had not
been "asleep at the switch."

GEORGE HOEY.

## St. Philip Neri and the Youth.

ST. PHILIP NERI, as old readings say,
Met a young stranger in Rome's streets one day;

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And being ever courteously inclined
To give young folks a sober turn of mind,
He fell into discourse with him; and thus
The dialogue they held comes down to us.

SAINT.

Tell me what brings you, gentle youth, to Rome?

YOUTH.

To make myself a scholar, sir, I come.

SAINT.

And, when you are one, what do you intend?

YOUTH.

To be a priest, I hope, sir, in the end.

SAINT.

Suppose it so — what have you next in view?

YOUTH.

That I may get to be a canon, too.

SAINT.

Well; and how then?

YOUTH.

Why, then, for aught I know,
I may be made a bishop.

SAINT.

Be it so —
What then?

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YOUTH.

Why, cardinal's a high degree—
And yet my lot it possibly may be.

SAINT.

Suppose it was, what then?

YOUTH.

Why, who can say
But I've a chance of being pope one day?

SAINT.

Well, having worn the mitre and red hat,
And triple crown, what follows after that?

YOUTH.

Nay, there is nothing further, to be sure,
Upon this earth that wishing can procure:
When I've enjoyed a dignity so high,
As long as God shall please, then I must die.

SAINT.

What! MUST you die? fond youth! and at the best
But wish, and hope, and MAY BE all the rest!
Take my advice—whatever may betide,
For that which MUST be, first of all provide;
Then think of that which MAY BE; and indeed,
When well prepared, who knows what may succeed?
But you may be, as you are pleased to hope,
Priest, canon, bishop, cardinal, and pope.

DR. BYROM.

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## Where shines the Star?

"Oh, where did the beautiful star go, —
The beautiful star in the East?
Did it set forever that Christmas morn
When its wonderful mission ceased?

"Or was it a planet like the rest?
With earth and water and sky,
Which the dear Christ in His downward flight
Smiled on as He passed it by?

"Quick when it caught the wonderful gleam,
So bright that it pierced all space,
It could not choose but light the whole world,
And point to the glorified face."

My little girl's eyes were full of thought
As she asked me this question grave;
And I, like one in the presence of kings,
Was an awed and silenced slave.

She weighed my wisdom, and found it void;
Ah! yes, it was very plain
From that day forth I must abdicate,
And be oracle ne'er again.

So I said, "My darling, I cannot tell;
Perhaps it was as you say,
The beautiful star caught its wondrous light
As the Christ sped on His way.

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"But if it is so, or not, I think
  It has never sunk quite out of sight."
And she cried out quick in her joyous way,
  "Oh, let us go find it to-night!"

Ah! little one, we are not shepherds, or wise,
  But may we not see as they did?
Not with our eyes, but down in our souls,
  The star not quite veiled or hid.

But shining clear, with a living light,
  With a light that'll never dim,
Till it pierces e'en through the outer night,
  And leads us straight to Him.

ALICE E. IVES.

## Keenan's Charge.

CHANCELLORSVILLE, MAY, 1863.

THE sun had set;
The leaves with dew were wet;
  Down fell a bloody dusk
On the woods, that second of May,
Where Stonewall's corps, like a beast of prey,
  Tore through with angry tusk.

"They've trapped us, boys!"—
Rose from our flank a voice.
  With a rush of steel and smoke
On came the Rebels straight,
Eager as love, and wild as hate;
  And our line reeled and broke,—

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Broke and fled.
No one staid — but the dead!
  With curses, shrieks, and cries,
Horses and wagons and men
Tumbled back through the shuddering glen,
  And above us the fading skies.

There's one hope still, —
Those batteries parked on the hill!
  "Battery, wheel!" ('mid the roar)
"Pass pieces; fix prolonge to fire
Retiring. Trot!" In the panic dire
  A bugle rings "Trot!" — and no more.

The horses plunged,
The cannon lurched and lunged,
  To join the hopeless rout.
But suddenly rode a form
Calmly in front of the human storm,
  With a stern, commanding shout:

"Align those guns!"
(We knew it was Pleasonton's.)
  The cannoneers bent to obey,
And worked with a will at his word:
And the black guns moved as if *they* had heard.
  But ah, the dread delay!

"To wait is crime;
O God, for ten minutes' time!"
  The general looked around.
There Keenan sat, like a stone,
With his three hundred horse alone —
  Less shaken than the ground.

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"Major, your men?" —
"Are soldiers, general." — "Then,
Charge, major! Do your best:
Hold the enemy back at all cost,
Till my guns are placed; — else the army is lost.
You die to save the rest!"

By the shrouded gleam of the western skies,
Brave Keenan looked in Pleasonton's eyes
For an instant, — clear, and cool, and still;
Then, with a smile, he said, "I will.
Cavalry, charge!" Not a man of them shrank.
Their sharp, full cheer, from rank on rank,
Rose joyously, with a willing breath,
Rose like a greeting hail to death.
Then forward they sprang, and spurred and clashed;
Shouted the officers, crimson-sashed.
Rode well the men, each brave as his fellow,
In their faded coats of the blue and yellow;
And above in the air, with an instinct true,
Like a bird of war their pennon flew.
With clank of scabbards and thunder of steeds,
And blades that shine like sunlit reeds,
And strong, brown faces bravely pale,
For fear their proud attempt shall fail,
Three hundred Pennsylvanians close
On twice ten thousand gallant foes.

Line after line the troopers came
To the edge of the wood that was ringed with flame;

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Rode in and sabred and shot — and fell;
Nor came one back his wounds to tell.
And full in the midst rose Keenan tall,
In the gloom, like a martyr awaiting his fall,
While the circle-stroke of his sabre, swung
Round his head like a halo there, luminous hung.
Line after line, ay, whole platoons,
Struck dead in their saddles, of brave dragoons,
By the maddened horses were onward borne
And into the vortex flung, trampled and torn;
As Keenan fought with his men, side by side.

So they rode, till there were no more to ride.

But over them, lying there, shattered and mute,
What deep echo rolls? 'Tis a death-salute
From the cannon in place; for, heroes, you braved
Your fate not in vain: the army was saved!

GEORGE P. LATHROP.

## The Eagle's Rock.

'TWAS the Golden Eagle's Rock,
  Craggy and wild and lone,
Where he sat in state, with his royal mate,
  On his undisputed throne.

High on the dizzy steep
  Did their blood-stained eyrie lie,
Where the white bones told who had robbed the fold
  When the shepherd was not by.

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Well might the spoilers gloat
  At ease in their fortress gray,
For never had man, since the world began,
  Clambered its height half-way!

And the Golden Eagle stood
  Eying the noonday sun,
Till the clamoring cry of his nestlings nigh,
  Charged him with work undone;

And his mighty wings are spread,
  And he sweepeth down chasms wide;
And his fierce eyes gleam by the mountain stream,
  And he scours the hill's green side.

Then o'er a shady glen
  Doth the bold marauder sail,
Where villagers gay hold a festal day
  Down in their verdant vale.

Apart from a joyous group
  A mother her darling bears;
With happy smiles at his baby wiles,
  His innocent mirth she shares.

Then she sits on the velvet sward,
  Shaded by trees at noon,
And rocks him to rest on her loving breast,
  Singing a low, sweet tune.

Now on the soft green turf
  That mother's babe doth lie,
While over its head is a watcher dread,
  In that dark spot in the sky.

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Hushed was the peasants' mirth,
  And the stoutest they stood aghast;
And the wail of despair, it rent the air,
  As the eagle o'er them passed.

He has stolen the pretty child,
  All in its rosy sleep;
And bears it in might, with ponderous flight,
  Straight towards his castle-keep!

Whose is that up-turned face,
  White as the mountain snow?
Horror is there, and blank despair,
  Speechless and tearless woe;—

Pale are those bloodless lips;
  But lo! in that mother's eye
There flasheth the light of love's great might,
  Stronger than agony.

She darts from the wailing throng,
  Her coming is like the wind;
The weeping loud of the noisy crowd
  Dieth away behind.

She rusheth o'er field and fell,
  Her footsteps at hinderance mock;
She startles the snake in the rustling brake,
  And reacheth the Eagle's rock!

Mother, go home and weep!
  What canst thou further do?
Over thy head, immense and dread,
  Frowneth the mountain blue.

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Sorrow hath made her mad;
  She scaleth the rough rock's side,
Now passing the edge of a shelving ledge,
  And now on a platform wide.

Onward and upward still,
  Scarce doth she pause for breath;
Woman, beware! thou hast not there
  "A step between thee and death!"

First of the breathless crowds,
  Flocking in haste beneath,
A son of the wave, high-souled and brave,
  Dasheth across the heath.

He follows her upward flight,
  Yes, till his eyes grow dim;
In the fierce storm-blast he has topped the mast,
  But *this* is no place for him.

So he must softly creep
  Down from the heights above;
His heart it is true, but he never knew
  The might of a mother's love.

She reacheth the fearful wall
  Under the great rock's brow,
Where the ivy has clung, and has swayed and swung,
  From earliest time till now.

Clambering the net-work old
  Which its twining stems have wrought,
She wrestles in prayer with her Maker there;
  Does she "fear God for nought"?

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No! the cry of that mother's heart
  Is heard, and her faith is blest;
For, with rapture wild, she hath snatched her child
  Unharmed from the eagle's nest!

Flapping their dusky wings,
  Fiercely the spoilers came;
And she heard their screams, and she saw the gleam
  That shot from their eyes of flame.

Like spirits of evil foul,
  They circled around her head;
Then yelling aloud, amazed and cowed,
  Down the steep rock they fled.

Close to her throbbing heart
  She bindeth her weeping child;
She wipeth its tears, and she quells its fears,
  Up in that region wild;

Hush! down the rifted rock
  She beareth her burden sweet;
No might of her own maketh fast each stone
  Firmly beneath her feet.

Lower she comes, and sees
  Beneath her a mountain lamb,
That, cautious and slow, to the vale below
  Follows its careful dam;

And she tracketh, with thankful heart,
  The path of her gentle guide,
Whose feet will be found on the surest ground,
  Down the steep mountain's side.

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Hark! from the plain beneath,
  Voices are rising loud;
The shout and the cheer, they have reached her ear,
  And she seeth the breathless crowd.

Louder and louder still
  Swelleth the welcome strain.
Oh, loving heart! thou hast done thy part;
  Return to thy home again.

She reacheth the mountain's foot;
  Rejoice! for her task is o'er;
The deed she hath done hath a tribute won
  Of praises for evermore.

---

## A Psalm of Life.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
  "Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
  And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!
  And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
  Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
  Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
  Find us farther than to-day.

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Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act — act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

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## The Treasures of the Church.

"BRING forth the Deacon Laurence!"
  And at the mighty tone
Low bowed the servile lictors
  Before the prefect's throne;
And on their guarded captive
  The rabble gazed with awe —
Was this the hated Christian,
  The foe of Roman law?
He stood a young Apollo,
  A form of godlike grace,
While beams of lambent glory
  Seemed circling round his face;
And yet no haughty flashing
  Of fierce, rebellious eye
Bespoke defiant scorning
  Of Roman majesty.
Ah, no! his look reflected
  His Master's gentle mien,
The calmness, meek and lowly,
  That marked the Nazarene;
But in his eye's soft beaming
  And on his placid brow,
They read the hero-firmness
  To duty's sacred vow.

"We hear of priceless treasures
  That Christians dare to own —
Of jewels meet to glisten
  On regal brows alone;

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Of wealth of shining silver,
  And store of gleaming gold,
Which thou, the foe of Cæsar,
  Dost in thy caskets hold."
The Christian's brow was lifted,
  And new celestial grace
Enrobed that matchless figure,
  And crowned that seraph face.
"'Tis true, O mighty prefect!
  A store of priceless gems,
Of jewels meet to glisten
  In regal diadems—
A wealth of shining silver,
  Of bright, uncounted gold,
The Christians, friends to Cæsar,
  As peerless treasures hold."
"Ha! say'st thou so? then listen:
  Nor rack nor scorching flame
Shall crisp thy flesh to blackness,
  Or rend thy writhing frame;
Nor fear of shrine polluted
  Shall haunt thy visions more,
If thou in safety hither
  Wilt bring the Christians' store."
"Thanks, O most gracious prefect!
  And when three days have flown,
My treasures shall be gathered
  Before thy lofty throne."
On sandals winged with swiftness
  Have sped the days of grace,
And Rome's exultant minion
  Sits eager in his place;

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And round him throng the rabble,
  Impatient to behold
The store of shining jewels,
  The wealth of gleaming gold.
Again that steady footstep,
  Again that noble form,
Have hushed to awesome silence
  The gathering murmur storm.
"But where the priceless treasures?"
  They ask in whispers low,
"And who are these that follow
  With feeble steps and slow?"
Sooth, 'twas a vision wondrous, —
  The blind, the mute, the lame,
A throng of squalid paupers,
  Along the forum came.
Their youthful leader heeds not
  The idlers gathered there
But calmly guides them onward,
  Before the prefect's chair.
"Behold the Christian treasures,
  Behold each living gem,
More fair than fairest jewels
  In proudest diadem.
More bright than sheen of silver,
  More rich than gleaming gold,
Are these, the Master's dear ones,
  The Church's wealth untold."

O Christians! through the ages
  Love's legacies descend,
The store of gems uncounted,
  The wealth that cannot end.

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"The poor ye still have with you,"
The jewels of His crown,
To mirror heaven's glory
And shed its peace adown.
Oh, guard His treasures fondly,
And bid them ceaseless shine
In love's resplendent setting,
In mercy's golden shrine!
So shall ye enter boldly
The palace of your King,
With wealth eternal laden,
A royal offering.

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## Funny Uncle Phil.

I HEARD the grown folks talking, last night when I lay abed,
So I shut my eyes, and listened to every thing they said;
And first they said that Polly and Phil were coming here,
And a good, good soul was Polly, but Phil was always queer;

And they never, never, never, in all their lives could see
How Polly came to marry him, nor how they could agree;
For she was just as bright and sweet as any flower in May,
But he was tight as a drum-head, and as black as a stormy day.

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And his nose was always poking into other folks' affairs,
And he was altogether too fond of splitting hairs;
And he had so many corners, you never could come near
Without your hitting some of them, or being in constant fear.

Well, I listened very hard, and I 'membered every word,
And I thought it was the queerest thing a body ever heard;
And in the evening, when I heard the chaise come down the hill,
I almost couldn't wait to see my funny uncle Phil.

But, oh! what stories grown folks tell! He wasn't black at all,
And he hadn't any corners, but was plump and fair and small;
His nose turned up a little, but then it was so wee,
How it could poke so very much, I really couldn't see.

And when he saw me staring, he nodded hard, and smiled;
And then he asked me softly if I was Elsie's child;
And when grandma said I was, he took me gently on his knee,
And wound my longest curl about his finger carefully.

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And he told me 'bout my mamma when she was a
little girl,
And all the time he talked he kept his fingers on
that curl,
Till at last I couldn't stand it, and I slipped down
by his chair,
And asked him how he came to be so fond of split-
ting hair.

My! how he stared! and Jimmy laughed, and
grandma shook her head,
And grandpa had his awful look, and uncle Sam
turned red;
And then the clock ticked very loud, the kitchen
was so still,
And I knew 'twas something dreadful I had said
to uncle Phil.

But I couldn't help it then, so I told him every
word,
And he listened very quietly: he never spoke nor
stirred,
Till I told him 'bout the corners, and said I didn't
know
How he could have so many when there didn't
any show.

And then he laughed and laughed, till the kitchen
fairly shook;
And he gave the frightened grown folks such a
bright and funny look,

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And said, "'Tis true, my little girl, when Polly married me,
I was full of ugly corners; but she's smoothed them down, you see."

And then they all shook hands again, and Jimmy gave three cheers,
And uncle Sam said little pitchers had most monstrous ears.
And grandma kissed aunt Polly; but then she looked at me,
And said I'd better "meditate" while she was getting tea.

That means that I must sit and think what naughty things I've done;
It must be 'cause I'm little yet,—they seemed to think 'twas fun.
I don't quite understand it all; well, by and by I will
Creep softly up to him, and ask my funny uncle Phil.

AMELIA DAILEY-ALDEN.

## The Dandy Fifth.

'TWAS the time of the workingmen's great strike,
When all the land stood still
At the sudden roar from the hungry mouths
That labor could not fill;
When the thunder of the railroad ceased,
And startled towns could spy
A hundred blazing factories
Painting each midnight sky,

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Through Philadelphia's surging streets
  Marched the brown ranks of toil,
The grimy legions of the shops,
  The tillers of the soil;
White-faced militia-men looked on,
  While women shrank with dread;
'Twas muscle against money then, —
  'Twas riches against bread.

Once, as the mighty mob tramped on,
  A carriage stopped the way,
Upon the silken seat of which
  A young patrician lay.
And as, with haughty glance, he swept
  Along the jeering crowd,
A white-haired blacksmith in the ranks
  Took off his cap and bowed.

That night the Labor League was met,
  And soon the chairman said:
"There hides a Judas in our midst;
  One man who bows his head,
Who bends the coward's servile knee
  When capital rolls by."
"Down with him! Kill the traitor cur!"
  Rang out the savage cry.

Up rose the blacksmith then, and held
  Erect his head of gray:
"I am no traitor, though I bowed
  To a rich man's son to-day;

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And though you kill me as I stand —
  As like you mean to do —
I want to tell you a story short,
  And I ask you'll hear me through.

"I was one of those who enlisted first,
  The old flag to defend;
With Pope and Halleck, with 'Mac' and Grant,
  I followed to the end;
And 'twas somewhere down on the Rapidan,
  When the Union cause looked drear,
That a regiment of rich young bloods
  Came down to us from here.

"Their uniforms were by tailors cut;
  They brought hampers of good wine;
And every squad had a servant, too,
  To keep their boots in shine;
They'd naught to say to us dusty 'vets;'
  And, through the whole brigade,
We called them the kid-gloved Dandy Fifth,
  When we passed them on parade.

"Well, they were sent to hold a fort
  The Rebs tried hard to take;
'Twas the key of all our line, which naught
  While it held out could break.
But a fearful fight we lost just then —
  The reserve came up too late;
And on that fort, and the Dandy Fifth,
  Hung the whole division's fate.

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"Three times we tried to take them aid,
  And each time back we fell,
Though once we could hear the fort's far guns
  Boom like a funeral knell;
Till at length Joe Hooker's corps came up,
  And then straight through we broke;
How we cheered as we saw those dandy coats
  Still back of the drifting smoke!

"With the bands all front, and our colors spread,
  We swarmed up the parapet;
But the sight that silenced our welcome shout
  I shall never in life forget.
Four days before had their water gone,—
  They had dreaded that the most,—
The next, their last scant ration went,
  And each man looked a ghost

"As he stood, gaunt-eyed, behind his gun,
  Like a crippled stag at bay,
And watched starvation—though not defeat—
  Draw nearer every day.
Of all the Fifth, not fourscore men
  Could in their places stand;
And their white lips told a fearful tale,
  As we grasped each bloodless hand.

"The rest in the stupor of famine lay,
  Save here and there a few
In death sat rigid against the guns,
  Grim sentinels in blue;

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And their colonel, *he* could not speak or stir,
  But we saw his proud eye thrill
As he simply glanced to the shot-scarred staff
  Where the old flag floated still!

"Now, I hate the tyrants who grind us down,
  While the wolf snarls at our door,
And the men who've risen from us — to laugh
  At the misery of the poor;
But I tell you, mates, while this weak old hand
  I have left the strength to lift,
It will touch my cap to the proudest swell
  Who fought in the Dandy Fifth!"

FRANK H. GASSAWAY.

## A Voice in the Twilight.

I WAS sitting alone toward the twilight,
  With spirit troubled and vexed,
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,
  And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing
  For the child of my love and care,
Some stitches half wearily setting
  In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about the "building,"
  The work some day to be tried;
And that only the gold and the silver
  And the precious stones should abide.

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And remembering my own poor efforts,
  The wretched work I had done,
And, even when trying most truly,
  The meagre success I had won!

"It is nothing but wood, hay, and stubble,"
  I said; "it will all be burned —
This useless fruit of the talents
  One day to be returned.

"And I have so longed to serve Him!
  And sometimes I know I have tried;
But I am sure, when He sees such building,
  He will never let it abide."

Just then, as I turned the garment,
  That no rent should be left behind,
My eye caught an odd little bungle
  Of mending and patchwork combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,
  And something blinded my eyes
With one of those sweet intuitions
  That sometimes make us so wise.

Dear child, she wanted to help me;
  I knew 'twas the best she could do;
But oh, what a botch she had made it —
  The gray mismatching the blue!

And yet — can you understand it? —
  With a tender smile and a tear,
And a half compassionate yearning,
  I felt her grown more dear.

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Then a sweet voice broke the silence,
  And the dear Lord said to me,
"Art thou tenderer for the little child
  Than I am tender for thee?"

Then straightway I knew His meaning,
  So full of compassion and love,
And my faith came back to its Refuge,
  Like the glad returning dove.

For I thought, when the Master Builder
  Comes down His temple to view,
To see what rents must be mended,
  And what must be builded anew;

Perhaps, as He looks o'er the building,
  He will bring my work to the light,
And seeing the marring and bungling,
  And how far it all is from right,

He will feel as I felt for my darling,
  And will say as I said for her,
"Dear child, she wanted to help me,
  And love for me was the spur;

"And for the real love that is in it,
  The work shall seem perfect as mine:
And because it was willing service,
  I will crown it with plaudit divine."

And there in the deepening twilight
  I seemed to be clasping a hand,
And to feel a great love constraining me,
  Stronger than any command.

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Then I knew by the thrill of sweetness
  'Twas the hand of the Blessed One,
Which would tenderly guide and hold me
  Till all the labor is done.

So my thoughts are nevermore gloomy,
  My faith no longer is dim;
But my heart is strong and restful,
  And my eyes are unto Him.

*Woman's Work for Woman.*

---

## Jamie Douglas.

It was in the days when Claverhouse
  Was scouring moor and glen,
To change, with fire and bloody sword,
  The faith of Scottish men.

They had made a covenant with the Lord,
  Firm in their faith to bide,
Nor break to Him their plighted word,
  Whatever might betide.

The sun was well-nigh setting,
  When o'er the heather wild,
And up the narrow mountain-path,
  Alone there walked a child.

He was a bonny blithesome lad,
  Sturdy and strong of limb,
A father's pride, a mother's love,
  Were fast bound up in him.

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His bright blue eyes glanced fearless round;
  His step was firm and light.
What was it underneath his plaid
  His little hands grasped tight?

It was bannocks which, that very morn,
  His mother made with care,
From out her scanty store of meal;
  And now, with many a prayer,

Had sent by Jamie her ane boy,
  A trusty lad and brave,
To good old Pastor Tammous Roy,
  Now hid in yonder cave,

And for whom the bloody Claverhouse men
  Had hunted long in vain,
And swore they would not leave that glen
  Till old Tam Roy was slain.

So Jamie Douglas went his way
  With heart that knew no fear;
He turned the great curve in the rock,
  Nor dreamed that death was near.

And there were bloody Claverhouse men,
  Who laughed aloud with glee,
When, trembling now within their power,
  The frightened child they see.

He turns to flee, but all in vain:
  They drag him back a pace
To where their cruel leader stands,
  And set them face to face.

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The cakes concealed beneath his plaid
  Soon tell the story plain —
"It is old Tam Roy the cakes are for,"
  Exclaimed the angry man.

"Now guide me to his hiding-place,
  And I will let you go;"
But Jamie shook his yellow curls,
  And stoutly answered, "No!"

"I'll drop you down the mountain-side,
  And there upon the stones
The old gaunt wolf and carrion crow
  Shall battle for your bones."

And in his brawny strong right hand,
  He lifted up the child,
And held him where the clefted rocks
  Formed a chasm deep and wild.

So deep it was, the trees below
  Like stunted bushes seemed.
Poor Jamie looked in frightened maze;
  It seemed some horrid dream.

He looked up at the blue sky above,
  Then at the men near by;
Had *they* no little boys at home,
  That they could let him die?

But no one spoke, and no one stirred
  Or lifted hand to save
From such a fearful, frightful death,
  The little lad so brave.

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"It is woeful deep," he shuddering cried,
"But oh! I canna tell;
So drop me down then, if you will, —
It is nae so deep as hell!"

A childish scream, a faint dull sound —
O Jamie Douglas true!
Long, long, within that lonely cave,
Shall Tam Roy wait for you.

Long for your welcome coming,
Waits the mother on the moor,
And watches and calls, "Come, Jamie, lad!"
Through the half-open door.

No more adown the rocky path,
You come with fearless tread,
Or on moor or mountain take
The good man's daily bread.

But up in heaven the shining ones
A wondrous story tell,
Of a child snatched up from a rocky gulf,
That is nae so deep as hell.

And there before the great white throne,
Forever blest and glad,
His mother dear and old Tam Roy
Shall meet their bonny lad.

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## The Gift of Tritemius.

TRITEMIUS of Herbipolis, one day
While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray,
Alone with God, as was his pious choice,
Heard from without a miserable voice,
A sound which seemed of all sad things to tell,
As of a lost soul crying out of hell.

Thereat the abbot paused; the chain whereby
His thoughts went upward broken by that cry;
And, looking from the casement, saw below
A wretched woman, with gray hair a-flow,
And withered hands held up to him, who cried
For alms as one who might not be denied.

She cried, "For the dear love of Him who gave
His life for ours, my child from bondage save —
My beautiful, brave first-born, chained with slaves
In the Moor's galley, where the sun-smit waves
Lap the white walls of Tunis!" — "What I can,
I give," Tritemius said: "my prayers." — "O man
Of God!" she cried, for grief had made her bold,
"Mock me not thus; I ask not prayers, but gold.
Words will not serve me, alms alone suffice;
Even while I speak, perchance, my first-born dies."

"Woman!" Tritemius answered, "from our door
None go unfed; hence are we always poor;
A single soldo is our only store.
Thou hast our prayers — what can we give thee
more?"

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"Give me," she said, "the silver candlesticks
On either side of the great crucifix.
God well may spare them on his errands sped,
Or he can give you golden ones instead."

Thus spake Tritemius, "Even as thy word,
Woman, so be it! (Our most gracious Lord,
Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,
Pardon me if a human soul I prize
Above the gifts upon His altar piled!)
Take what thou askest, and redeem thy child."

But his hand trembled as the holy alms
He placed within the beggar's eager palms;
And as she vanished down the linden shade,
He bowed his head, and for forgiveness prayed.

So the day passed; and when the twilight came
He woke to find the chapel all aflame,
And, dumb with grateful wonder, to behold
Upon the altar candlesticks of gold!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

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## Hervé Riel.

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French,—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,

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Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase:
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small, twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place, "Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick; or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk, and leaped on board:
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they;
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the 'Formidable' here with her twelve and eighty guns
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside? now 'tis slackest ebb of tide.

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Reach the mooring? Rather say, while rock stands, or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay."

Then was called a council straight: brief and bitter the debate.
"Here's the English at our heels: would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound? Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech.)
"Not a minute more to wait! let the captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate."

"Give the word!" But no such word was ever spoke or heard:
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck, amid all these—
A captain? a lieutenant? a mate—first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet with his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor, pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he,—Hervé Riel, the Croisickese.[1]

[1] A native of Croisic, a small fishing village near Cherbourg, France.

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And "What mockery or malice have we here?"
cried Hervé Riel;
"Are you mad, St. Malo men? Are you cowards,
fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, — me who took
the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every
swell,
'Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river
disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the
lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day, have I piloted your
bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

"Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That were
worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe
me, there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer, get this 'Formid-
able' clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them most and least, by a passage I
know well,
Right to Solidor,[1] past Grève, and there lay them
safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave, — keel so much as
grate the ground, —
Why I've nothing but my life: here's my head!"
cries Hervé Riel.

[1] A mountain near Hogue.

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Not a minute more to wait. "Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place! he is admiral, in brief.
Still the north wind, by God's grace. See the noble fellow's face,
As the big ship, with a bound, clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
See, safe through shoal and rock, how they follow in a flock!
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past! all are harbored to the last!
And, just as Hervé Reil hollos, "Anchor!" sure as fate,
Up the English come, — too late.

So the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave on the heights o'erlooking Grève;
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance, let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance, as they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor, pleasant riding on the Rance!"

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How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance.
Outburst all with one accord, "This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's king,
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word, "Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more;
Not a symptom of surprise in the frank blue Breton eyes, —
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend, I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard:
Praise is deeper than the lips: you have saved the king his ships;
You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will, France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content, and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke on the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say; since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run? —

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Since 'tis ask and have, I may; since the others go ashore, —
Come! A good, whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked, and that he got, — nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost: not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black on a single fishing-smack
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.
Go to Paris; rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank:
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
So for better and for worse, Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the Belle Aurore!

ROBERT BROWNING.

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## King Solomon and the Bees.

A TALE FROM THE TALMUD.

WHEN Solomon was reigning in his glory,
  Unto his throne the Queen of Sheba came,
(So in the Talmud you may read the story,)
  Drawn by the magic of the monarch's fame,
To see the splendors of his court, and bring
Some fitting tribute to the mighty king.

Nor this alone: much had her highness heard
  What flowers of learning graced the royal speech;
What gems of wisdom dropped with every word;
  What wholesome lessons he was wont to teach
In pleasing proverbs; so she wished, in sooth,
To know if Rumor spoke the simple truth.

Besides, the queen had heard (which piqued her most)
  How through the deepest riddles he could spy;
How all the curious arts that women boast
  Were quite transparent to his piercing eye;
And so the queen had come, — a royal guest, —
To put the sage's cunning to the test.

And straight she held before the monarch's view,
  In either hand a radiant wreath of flowers;
The one, bedecked with every charming hue,
  Was newly culled from Nature's choicest bowers;
The other, no less fair in every part,
Was the rare product of divinest Art.

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"Which is the true, and which the false?" she said.
Great Solomon was silent. All amazed,
Each wondering courtier shook his puzzled head;
While at the garlands long the monarch gazed,
As one who sees a miracle, — and fain,
For very rapture, ne'er would speak again.

"Which is the true?" once more the woman asked,
Pleased at the fond amazement of the king;
"So wise a head should not be hardly tasked,
Most learned liege, with such a trivial thing!"
But still the sage was silent; it was plain
A deepening doubt perplexed the royal brain.

While thus he pondered, presently he sees,
Hard by the casement, — so the story goes, —
A little band of busy, bustling bees,
Hunting for honey in a withered rose.
The monarch smiled, and raised his royal head;
"Open the window," — that was all he said.

The window opened at the king's command,
Within the room the eager insects flew,
And sought the flowers in Sheba's dexter hand!
And so the king and all the courtiers knew
*That* wreath was Nature's; and the baffled queen
Returned to tell the wonders she had seen.

My story teaches (every tale should bear
A fitting moral) that the wise may find

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In trifles light as atoms in the air,
  Some useful lesson to enrich the mind,
Some truth designed to profit or to please;
As Israel's king learned wisdom from the bees.

JOHN G. SAXE.

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## Death of King Conor Mac Nessa.

'TWAS a day full of sorrow for Ulster when Conor
  Mac Nessa went forth
To punish the clansmen of Connaught, who dared
  to take spoil from the North;
For his men brought him back from the battle,
  scarce better than one that was dead,
With the brain-ball of Mesgedra buried two-thirds
  of its depth in his head.
His royal physician bent o'er him, great Fingen,
  who often before
Stanched the war-battered bodies of heroes, and
  built them for battle once more;
And he looked on the wound of the monarch, and
  heark'd to his low-breathed sighs,
And he said, "In the day when that missile is
  loosed from his forehead, he dies.
Yet long midst the people who love him King
  Conor Mac Nessa may reign,
If always the high pulse of passion be kept from
  his heart and his brain;
And for this I lay down his restriction; no more
  from this day shall his place
Be with armies, in battles, or hostings, or leading
  the van of the chase;

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For if heart-thrilling joyance, or anger, awhile o'er
his being have power,
The ball will start forth from his forehead, and
surely he dies in that hour."
Oh! woe for the valiant King Conor, struck down
from the summit of life,
While glory unclouded shone round him, and regal
enjoyment was rife —
Shut out from his toils and his duties, condemned
to ignoble repose,
No longer to friends a true helper, no longer a
scourge to his foes!
He, the strong-handed smiter of champions, the
piercer of armor and shields,
The foremost in earth-shaking onsets, and last out
of blood-sodden fields —
The mildest, the kindest, the gayest when revels
ran high in his hall —
Oh, well might his people, who loved him, feel
gloomy and sad for his fall!
So years had passed over, when, sitting 'midst
silence like that of the tomb,
A terror crept through him, as sudden the moon-
light was blackened with gloom.
One red flare of lightning blazed brightly, illum-
ing the landscape around;
One thunder-peal roared through the mountains,
and rumbled and crashed underground!
He heard the rocks bursting asunder, the trees
tearing up by the roots;
And loud, through the horrid confusion, the howl-
ing of terrified brutes.

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From the walls of his tottering palace came screamings of terror and pain,
And he saw crowding thickly around him the ghosts of the foes he had slain!
And as soon as the sudden commotion that shuddered through nature had ceased,
The king sent for Barach, his Druid, and said, "Tell me truly, O priest,
What magical arts have created this scene of wild horror and dread?
What has blotted the blue sky above us, and shaken the earth that we tread?
Are the gods that we worship offended? what crime or what wrong has been done?
Has the fault been committed in Erin, and how may their favor be won?
What rights may avail to appease them? what gifts on their altars should smoke?
Only say, and the offering demanded we lay by your consecrate oak!"
"O King," said the white-bearded Druid, "the truth unto me has been shown,
There lives but *one* God, the Eternal; far up in high heaven is His throne.
He looked upon men with compassion, and sent from His kingdom of light
His Son, in the shape of a mortal, to teach them and guide them aright.
Near the time of your birth, O King Conor, the Saviour of mankind was born,
And since then, in the kingdoms far eastward, He taught, toiled and prayed, till this morn,

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When wicked men seized Him, fast bound Him
with nails to a cross, lanced His side,
And that moment of gloom and confusion was
earth's cry of dread when He died!
O King, He was gracious and gentle, His heart
was all pity and love,
And for men He was ever beseeching the grace of
His Father above;
He helped them, He healed them, He blessed them;
He labored that all might attain
To the true God's high kingdom of glory, where
never comes sorrow or pain:
But they rose in their pride and their folly, their
hearts filled with merciless rage,
That only the sight of his life-blood fast poured
from His heart could assuage;
Yet while on the cross beams uplifted, His body
racked, tortured, and riven,
He prayed — not for justice or vengeance, but
asked that His foes be forgiven."
With a bound from his seat rose King Conor, the
red flush of rage on his face;
Fast he ran through the hall for his weapons, and
snatching his sword from its place,
He rushed to the woods, striking wildly at boughs
that dropped down with each blow.
And he cried, "Were I midst the vile rabble, I'd
cleave them to earth even so!
With the strokes of a high King of Erin, the whirls
of my keen-tempered sword,
I would save from their horrible fury that mild and
that merciful Lord."

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His frame shook and heaved with emotion; the
brain-ball leaped forth from his head,
And commending his soul to that Saviour, King
Conor Mac Nessa fell dead!

T. D. SULLIVAN

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## The V-a-s-e.

FROM the madding crowd they stand apart,
The maidens four and the Work of Art;

And none could tell from sight alone
In which had culture ripest grown:

The Gotham million, fair to see,
The Philadelphia pedigree,

The Boston mind of azure blue,
Or the soulful soul from Kalamazoo.

For all loved Art in a seemly way,
With an earnest soul and a capital A.

. . . . . .

Long they worshipped; but no one broke
The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place,
Who, blushing, said, "What a lovely vase!"

Over three faces a sad smile flew,
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

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But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
To crush the stranger with one small word.

Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
She cries, "'Tis indeed a lovely vaze!"

But brief her unworthy triumph, when
The lofty one from the house of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpapas,
Exclaimed, "It is quite a lovely vahz,"

And glancing round with an anxious thrill
Awaited the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee,
And gently murmurs, "Oh, pardon me,

I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with that charming vawz."

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE: *Songs and Satires.*

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## The Polish Boy.

WHENCE come those shrieks, so wild and shrill,
  That like an arrow cleave the air,
Causing the blood to creep and thrill
  With such sharp cadence of despair?
Once more they come! as if a heart
  Were cleft in twain by one quick blow.
And every string had voice apart
  To utter its peculiar woe!

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Whence come they? From yon temple, where
An altar raised for private prayer
Now forms the warrior's marble bed,
Who Warsaw's gallant armies led.
The dim funereal tapers throw
A holy lustre o'er his brow,
And burnish with their rays of light
The mass of curls that gather bright
Above the haughty brow and eye
Of a young boy that's kneeling by.

What hand is that whose icy press
  Clings to the dead with death's own grasp,
But meets no answering caress —
  No thrilling fingers seek its clasp?
It is the hand of her whose cry
  Rang wildly late upon the air,
When the dead warrior met her eye,
  Outstretched upon the altar there.

Now with white lips and broken moan
She sinks beside the altar stone;
But hark! the heavy tramp of feet
Is heard along the gloomy street.
Nearer and nearer yet they come,
With clanking arms and noiseless drum.
They leave the pavement. Flowers that spread
Their beauties by the path they tread,
Are crushed and broken. Crimson hands
Rend brutally their blooming bands.
Now whispered curses, low and deep,
Around the holy temple creep.

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The gate is burst. A ruffian band
Rush in and savagely demand,
With brutal voice and oath profane,
The startled boy for exile's chain.

The mother sprang with gesture wild,
And to her bosom snatched the child;
Then with pale cheek and flashing eye,
Shouted with fearful energy,
"Back, ruffians, back! nor dare to tread
Too near the body of my dead!
Nor touch the living boy — I stand
Between him and your lawless band!
Take me, and bind these arms, these hands,
With Russia's heaviest iron bands,
And drag me to Siberia's wild
To perish, if 'twill save my child!"

"Peace, woman, peace!" the leader cried,
Tearing the pale boy from her side;
And in his ruffian grasp he bore
His victim to the temple door.

"One moment!" shrieked the mother, "one!
Can land or gold redeem my son?
Take palaces, take lands, take all,
But leave him free from Russia's thrall.
Take these," and her white arms and hands
She stripped of rings and diamond bands,
And tore from braids of long black hair
The gems that gleamed like starlight there;

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Unclasped the brilliant coronal
And carcanet of orient pearl;
Her cross of blazing rubies last
Down to the Russian's feet she cast.

He stooped to seize the glittering store;
Upspringing from the marble floor,
The mother with a cry of joy
Snatched to her leaping heart the boy!
But no — the Russian's iron grasp
Again undid the mother's clasp;
Forward she fell, with one long cry
Of more than mother's agony.

But the brave child is roused at length,
  And breaking from the Russian's hold,
He stands, a giant in the strength
  Of his young spirit, fierce and bold.

Proudly he towers; his flashing eye,
  So blue and fiercely bright,
Seems lighted from the eternal sky,
  So brilliant is its light.
With a full voice of proud command
He turns upon the wondering band.
"Ye hold me not! no, no, nor can;
This hour has made the boy a man.

"I knelt beside my slaughtered sire,
Nor felt one throb of vengeful ire;
I wept upon his marble brow —
Yes, wept — I was a child; but now" —

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He drew aside his broidered vest,
And there, like slumbering serpent's crest,
The jewelled haft of poniard bright
Glittered a moment on the sight.
"Ha! start ye back? Fool! coward! knave!
Think ye my noble father's glave
Could drink the life-blood of a slave?
The pearls that on the handle flame
Would blush to rubies in their shame.
The blade would quiver in thy breast,
Ashamed of such ignoble rest!
No; thus I rend thy tyrant's chain,
And fling him back a boy's disdain."

A moment, and the funeral light
Flashed on the jewelled weapon bright;
Another, and his young heart's blood
Leaped to the floor a crimson flood.
Quick to his mother's side he sprang,
And on the air his clear voice rang,—
"Up, mother, up! I'm free! I'm free!
The choice was death or slavery.
Up, mother, up! look on my face!
I only wait for thy embrace.
One last, last word,—a blessing, one,
To prove thou knowest what I have done.
No look! No word! Canst thou not feel
My warm blood o'er thy heart congeal?
Speak, mother, speak! Lift up thy head.
What, silent still? Then art thou dead.
Great God, I thank thee! Mother, I
Rejoice with thee, and thus to die."

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Slowly he falls. The clustering hair
Rolls back, and leaves that forehead bare.
One long, deep breath, and his pale head
Lay on his mother's bosom, dead.

ANN S. STEPHENS.

## Death of Gaudentis.

The following inscription was found in the Catacombs by Mr. Perret, upon the tomb of the architect of the Coliseum: —

"Thus thou keepest thy promises, O Vespasian! the rewarding with death him, the crown of thy glory in Rome. Do rejoice, O Gaudentis! The cruel tyrant promised much, but Christ gave thee all, who prepared thee such a mansion." — *Professor J. de Launay's Lectures on the Catacombs.*

BEFORE Vespasian's regal throne
Skilful Gaudentis stood.
"Build me," the haughty monarch cried,
"A theatre for blood.
I know thou'rt skilled in mason's work,
Thine is the power to frame
Rome's Coliseum vast and wide,
An honor to thy name.

"Over seven acres spread thy work,
And by the gods of Rome,
Thou shalt hereafter by my side
Have thy resplendent home.
A citizen of Roman rights,
Silver and golden store,
These shall be thine; let Christian blood
But stain the marble floor."

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So rose the amphitheatre,
  Tower and arch and tier.
There dawned a day when martyrs stood
  Within that ring of fear;
But strong their quenchless trust in God,
  And strong their human love;
Their eyes of faith, undimmed, were fixed
  On temples far above.

And thousands gazed in brutal joy,
  To watch the Christians die, —
But one beside Vespasian leaned,
  With a strange light in his eye.
What thoughts welled up within his breast,
  As on that group he gazed!
What gleams of holy light from heaven
  Upon his dark soul blazed!

Had he by password gained access
  To the dark catacomb,
And learned the hope of Christ's beloved,
  Beyond the rack, the tomb?
The proud Vespasian o'er him bends:
  "My priceless architect,
To-day I will announce to all
  Thy privilege elect, —

"A free made citizen of Rome."
  Calmly Gaudentis rose,
And folding o'er his breast his arms,
  Turned to the Saviour's foes;

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And in a strength not all his own,
With life and death in view,
The fearless architect exclaimed, —
"I am a Christian too."

Only a few brief moments passed,
And brave Gaudentis lay
Within the amphitheatre,
A lifeless mass of clay.
Vespasian promised him the rights
Of proud imperial Rome;
But Christ with martyrs crowned him king,
Beneath heaven's cloudless dome.

HARRIET ANNIE.

## New Year's Eve.

LITTLE Gretchen, little Gretchen, wanders up and down the street;
The snow is on her yellow hair, the frost is at her feet.
The rows of long, dark houses without look cold and damp,
By the struggling of the moonbeam, by the flicker of the lamp.
The clouds ride fast as horses, the wind is from the north,
But no one cares for Gretchen, and no one looketh forth.
Within those dark, damp houses are merry faces bright,
And happy hearts are watching out the old year's latest night.

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With the little box of matches she could not sell
all day,
And the thin, thin, tattered mantle the wind blows
every way,
She clingeth to the railing, she shivers in the
gloom, —
There are parents sitting snugly by firelight in the
room;
And children with grave faces are whispering one
another
Of presents for the new year, for father or for mother.
But no one talks to Gretchen, and no one hears her
speak,
No breath of little whisperers comes warmly to
her cheek.

No little arms are round her: ah me! that there
should be,
With so much happiness on earth, so much of
misery!
Sure they of many blessings should scatter bless-
ings round,
As laden boughs in autumn fling their ripe fruits
to the ground.
And the best love man can offer to the God of
love, be sure,
Is kindness to His little ones, and bounty to His
poor.
Little Gretchen, little Gretchen, goes coldly on
her way;
There's no one looketh out on her, there's no one
bids her stay.

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Her home is cold and desolate; no smile, no food, no fire,
But children clamorous for bread, and an impatient sire.
So she sits down in an angle where two great houses meet,
And she curleth up beneath her, for warmth, her little feet;
And she looketh on the cold wall, and on the colder sky,
And wonders if the little stars are bright fires up on high.
She hears a clock strike slowly, up in a far church tower,
With such a sad and solemn tone, telling the midnight hour.

And she remembers her of tales her mother used to tell,
And of the cradle-songs she sang, when summer's twilight fell;
Of good men and of angels, and of the Holy Child
Who was cradled in a manger, when winter was most wild;
Who was poor and cold and hungry, and desolate and lone;
And she thought the song had told He was ever with His own;
And all the poor and hungry and forsaken ones are His, —
"How good of Him to look on me in such a place as this!"

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Colder it grows and colder, but she does not feel it now,
For the pressure on her heart, and the weight upon her brow;
But she struck one little match on the wall so cold and bare,
That she might look around her, and see if He were there.
The single match has kindled, and by the light it threw
It seemed to little Gretchen the wall was rent in two;
And she could see folks seated at a table richly spread
With heaps of goodly viands, red wine and pleasant bread.

She could smell the fragrant savor, she could hear what they did say,
Then all was darkness once again, — the match had burned away.
She struck another hastily, and now she seemed to see
Within the same warm chamber a glorious Christmas tree.
The branches were all laden with things that children prize,
Bright gifts for boy and maiden — she saw them with her eyes.
And she almost seemed to touch them, and to join the welcome shout,
When darkness fell around her, for the little match was out.

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Another, yet another, she has tried, — they will
not light;
Till all her little store she took, and struck with
all her might:
And the whole miserable place was lighted with
the glare,
And she dreamed there stood a little Child before
her in the air.
There were blood-drops on His forehead, a spear-
wound in His side,
And cruel nail-prints in His feet, and in His hands
spread wide;
And He looked upon her gently, and she felt that
He had known
Pain, hunger, cold, and sorrow — ay, equal to her
own.

And He pointed to the laden board and to the
Christmas tree,
Then up to the cold sky, and said, "Will Gretchen
come with me?"
The poor child felt her pulses fail, she felt her eye-
balls swim,
And a ringing sound was in her ears, like her dead
mother's hymn;
And she folded both her thin white hands, and
turned from that bright board,
And from the golden gifts, and said, "With thee,
with thee, O Lord!"
The chilly winter morning breaks up in the dull skies,
On the city wrapt in vapor, on the spot where
Gretchen lies.

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In her scant and tattered garments, with her back
against the wall,
She sitteth cold and rigid, she answers to no call.
They have lifted her up fearfully, they shuddered
as they said,
"It was a bitter, bitter night! the child is frozen
dead."
The angels sang their greeting for one more re-
deemed from sin;
Men said, "It was a bitter night; would no one
let her in?"
And they shivered as they spoke of her, and
sighed. They could not see
How much of happiness there was after that misery.

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## The Knight's Toast.

THE feast is o'er! Now brimming wine
In lordly cup is seen to shine
Before each eager guest;
While silence fills the crowded hall,
As deep as when the herald's call
Thrills in the loyal breast.

Then up arose the noble host,
And smiling cried, "A toast! a toast!
To all our ladies fair!
Here before all I pledge the name
Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame—
The Ladye Gundamere!"

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Then to his feet each gallant sprang,
And joyous was the shout that rang
As Stanley gave the word;
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry
Till Stanley's voice was heard.

"Enough, enough!" he smiling said,
And lowly bent his haughty head;
"That all may have their due,
Now each in turn must play his part,
And pledge the lady of his heart,
Like gallant knight and true."

Then one by one each guest sprang up,
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
And named the loved one's name;
And each, as hand on high he raised,
His lady's grace or beauty praised,
Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise;
On him are fixed those countless eyes;
A gallant knight is he;
Envied by some, admired by all,
Far-famed in lady's bower and hall —
The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
And lifts the sparkling cup on high;
"I drink to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
Till memory is dead.

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"To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have past,
So holy 'tis and true.
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you."

Each guest up started at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fury-flashing eye;
And Stanley said, "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood
Thus lightly to another;
Then bent his noble head, as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said, "My mother!"

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## "Love Your Enemies."

**The hero of this tale had been a trapeze performer, much famed for his daring leaps in the circus-ring. Later in life he had fallen into evil ways, and was now a fugitive from justice, closely pursued by officers of the law.**

CHEERIEST room, that morn, the kitchen. Helped
by Bridget's willing hands,
Bustled Hannah, deftly mixing pies for ready
waiting pans.

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Little Flossie flitted round them, and her curling, floating hair
Glinted gold-like, gleamed and glistened, in the sparkling sunlit air.
Slouched a figure o'er the lawn; a man so wretched and forlore,
Tattered, grim, so like a beggar, ne'er had trod that path before.
His shirt was torn, his hat was gone, bare and begrimed his knees,
Face with blood and dirt disfigured, elbows peeped from out his sleeves.
Rat-tat-tat, upon the entrance, brought Aunt Hannah to the door;
Parched lips humbly plead for water, as she scanned his misery o'er.
Wrathful came the dame's quick answer; made him cower, shame, and start
Out of sight, despairing, saddened, hurt and angry to the heart:
"*Drink!* You've had enough, you rascal. Faugh! The smell now makes me sick.
Move, you thief! Leave now these grounds, sir, or our dogs will help you quick."
Then the man with dragging footsteps, hopeless, wishing himself dead,
Crept away from sight of plenty, starved in place of being fed,
Wandered farther from the mansion, till he reached a purling brook,
Babbling, trilling broken music by a green and shady nook.

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Here sweet Flossie found him fainting; in her hands were food and drink;
Pale like death lay he before her, yet the child-heart did not shrink;
Then the rags from off his forehead she with dainty hands off stripped,
In the brooklet's rippling waters her own lace-trimmed kerchief dipped,
Then with sweet and holy pity, which within her did not daunt,
Bathed the blood and grime-stained visage of that sin-soiled son of want.
Wrung she then the linen cleanly, bandaged up the wound again
Ere the still eyes opened slowly; white lips murmuring, "Am I sane?"
"Look, poor man, here's food and drink. Now thank our God before you take."
Paused she mute and undecided, while deep sobs his form did shake
With an avalanche of feeling, and great tears came rolling down
O'er a face unused to showing aught except a sullen frown;
That "our God" unsealed a fountain his whole life had never known,
When that human angel near him spoke of her God as his own.
"Is it 'cause my aunty grieved you?" quickly did the wee one ask.
"I will tell you these sweet words, then, which I learned as holy task;

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They may help you to forgive her: 'Love your enemies, and those
Who despitefully may use you; love them whether friends or foes.'"
Then she glided from his vision, left him prostrate on the ground
Conning o'er and o'er that lesson with a grace to him new found.
Sunlight filtering through green branches as they wind-wave dance and dip,
Finds a prayer his mother taught him, trembling on his crime-stained lip.
Hist! a step, an angry mutter, and the owner of the place,
Gentle Flossie's haughty father, and the tramp stood face to face!
"Thieving rascal! you've my daughter's kerchief bound upon your brow;
Off with it, and cast it down here. Come, be quick about it now."
As the man did not obey him, Flossie's father lashed his cheek
With a riding-whip he carried; struck him hard and cut him deep.
Quick the tramp bore down upon him, felled him, o'er him where he lay
Raised a knife to seek his life-blood. Then there came a thought to stay
All his angry, murderous impulse, caused the knife to shuddering fall:
"He's *her* father; love your enemies; 'tis 'our God' reigns over all."

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At midnight, lambent, lurid flames light up the sky with fiercest beams,
Wild cries, "Fire! fire!" ring through the air, and red like blood each flame now seems;
They faster grow, they higher throw weird, direful arms which ever lean
About the gray stone mansion old. Now roars the wind to aid the scene;
The flames yet higher, wilder play. A shudder runs through all around, —
Distinctly as in light of day, at topmost window from the ground
Sweet Flossie stands, her golden hair enhaloed now by fire-lit air.
Loud rang the father's cry: "O God! my child! my child! Will no one dare
For her sweet sake the flaming stair?" Look! one steps forth with muffled face,
Leaps through the flames with fleetest feet, on trembling ladder runs a race
With life and death — the window gains. Deep silence falls on all around,
Till bursts aloud a sobbing wail. The ladder falls with crashing sound —
A flaming, treacherous mass. O God! she was so young, and he so brave!
Look once again. See! see! on highest roof he stands — the fiery wave
Fierce rolling round — his arms enclasp the child; God help him yet to save!
"For life or for eternal sleep,"
He cries, then makes a vaulting leap,

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A tree-branch catches, with sure aim,
And by the act proclaims his name;
The air was rent, the cheers rang loud;
A rough voice cried from out the crowd,
"Huzza! my boys, well we know him,
None dares that leap but Flying Jim!"
A jail-bird — outlaw — thief, indeed,
Yet o'er them all takes kingly lead.
"Do now your worst," his gasping cry,
"Do all your worst, I'm doomed to die;
I've breathed the flames, 'twill not be long," —
Then hushed all murmurs through the throng.
With reverent hands they bore him where
The summer evening's cooling air
Came softly sighing through the trees;
The child's proud father on his knees
Forgiveness sought of God and Jim,
Which dying lips accorded him.
A mark of whip on white face stirred
To gleaming scarlet at his words.
"Forgive them all who use you ill,
She taught me that, and I fulfil;
I would her hand might touch my face,
Though she's so pure and I so base."
Low Flossie bent, and kissed the brow,
With smile of bliss transfigured now;
Death, the angel, sealed it there;
'Twas sent to God with "mother's prayer."

EMMA DUNNING BANKS.

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## The Story of the Faithful Soul.

THE fettered spirits linger
  In purgatorial pain
With penal fires effacing
  Their last faint earthly stain,
Which life's imperfect sorrow
  Had tried to cleanse in vain.

Yet on each feast of Mary
  Their sorrow finds release,
For the great archangel Michael
  Comes down and bids it cease;
And the name of these brief respites
  Is called "Our Lady's Peace."

Yet once — so runs the legend —
  When the archangel came,
And all these holy spirits
  Rejoiced at Mary's name,
One voice alone was wailing,
  Still wailing on the same.

And though a great Te Deum
  The happy echoes woke,
This one discordant wailing
  Through the sweet voices broke;
So when St. Michael questioned,
  Thus the poor spirit spoke:

"I am not cold or thankless,
  Although I still complain;

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I prize our Lady's blessing,
  Although it comes in vain
To still my bitter anguish,
  Or quench my ceaseless pain.

"On earth, a heart that loved me,
  Still lives and mourns me there,
And the shadow of his anguish
  Is more than I can bear;
All the torment that I suffer
  Is the thought of his despair.

"The evening of my bridal,
  Death took my life away;
Not all love's passionate pleading
  Could gain an hour's delay.
And he I left, has suffered
  A whole year since that day.

"If I could only see him, —
  If I could only go
And speak one word of comfort
  And solace, — then I know
He would endure with patience,
  And strive against his woe."

Thus the archangel answered:
  "Your time of pain is brief,
And soon the peace of heaven
  Will give you full relief;
Yet if his earthly comfort
  So much outweighs your grief,

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"Then, through a special mercy,
  I offer you this grace —
You may seek him who mourns you,
  And look upon his face,
And speak to him of comfort,
  For one short minute's space.

"But when that time is ended,
  Return here, and remain
A thousand years in torment —
  A thousand years in pain;
Thus dearly must you purchase
  The comfort he will gain."

. . . . . .

The lime-trees' shade at evening
  Is spreading broad and wide;
Beneath their fragrant arches,
  Pace slowly, side by side,
In low and tender converse,
  A bridegroom and his bride.

The night is calm and stilly,
  No other sound is there
Except their happy voices:
  What is that cold, bleak air
That passes through the lime-trees
  And stirs the bridegroom's hair?

While one low cry of anguish,
  Like the last dying wail
Of some dumb, hunted creature,
  Is borne upon the gale:

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Why does the bridegroom shudder
And turn so deathly pale?

. . . . . .

Near purgatory's entrance
The radiant angels wait;
It was the great St. Michael
Who closed that gloomy gate,
When the poor wandering spirit
Came back to meet her fate.

"Pass on," thus spoke the angel:
"Heaven's joy is deep and vast;
Pass on, pass on, poor spirit,
For heaven is yours at last;
In that one minute's anguish
Your thousand years have passed."

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

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## Legend of the "Ave Maria."

IT was a sick girl's favorite pet,
A green and golden paroquet,
Close to her chamber-window hung,
With restless wings and chattering tongue,
Watching the wind blow to and fro
The airy curtains white as snow,
And laughing when the sunset's fire
Flashed on his cage of silver wire.

But ever as the sick girl said,
"Ave Maria!" on her bed,
"Ave Maria!" cried the bird,

Digitized by Google

As if with secret reverence stirred;
His eyes like jewels, bright and red,
His green and golden wings outspread;
"Ave Maria!" whispered she,
"Ave Maria!" echoed he;
And sideways turned his little head
To eye her glancing rosary.
Lo! at that moment, through the blinds,
The wind a fuller entrance finds—
And 'gainst the wall the cage is blown,
Its twisted door wide open thrown;
And ere the sick girl to her aid
Can call the absent waiting-maid,
She sees the silver wires part,
And something green and golden dart,
With arching head and wings spread wide,
Into the sunny space outside!
Then through the silence may be heard,
"Ave Maria! save my bird!"

When up and up the truant flies
Rejoicing to the bright blue skies,
And feels the soft air on his breast,
The setting sunlight on his crest;
And hears the vesper-bells out-ringing,
And birds in hidden gardens singing,
But ah! poor pet, he does not see,
(Exulting in his liberty,)
He does not hear the practised wing
Which down the sky comes hurrying;
The hungry hawk which, grim and gray,
Swoops like a dark cloud o'er his prey.

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One moment, and the sick girl's pet
Is free and glad and joyous yet—
The next, the truant's golden dream
Is broken with a cruel scream,
As pouncing on him, strong and fierce,
Those angry claws his feathers pierce,
And skies and trees and gardens swim
Under his poor eyes, scared and dim.

"Ave Maria!" cries the bird,
As if his heart was in each word;
"Ave Maria! Ave Maria!"
And at the word, *O cara mia!*
The hawk relinquishes his hold
Upon the plumage green and gold,
And softly lets the truant fall
Over his lady's garden wall.

"Ave Maria! thanks," she said,
And smiling turned upon her bed,
"O tender name! which like a charm
Hath freed my little bird from harm;
Deliver me from every snare,
Ave Maria! pure and fair!"

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY: in *Crowned with Stars.*

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## The Young Gray Head.

I'M thinking that to-night, if not before,
There'll be wild work. Dost hear old Chewton
roar?

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It's brewing up, down westward; and look there!
One of those sea-gulls! ay, there goes a pair;
And such a sudden thaw! If rain comes on
As threats, the water will be out anon.
That path by the ford is a nasty bit of way,
Best let the young ones bide from school to-day.

The children join in this request; but the mother resolves that they shall set out — the two girls, Lizzie and Jenny, the one five, the other seven. As the dame's will was law, so —

One last fond kiss —
"God bless my little maids," the father said,
And cheerily went his way to win their bread.

Prepared for their journey they depart, with the mother's admonition to the elder, —

"Now, mind and bring
Jenny safe home," the mother said. "Don't stay
To pull a bough or berry by the way;
And when you come to cross the ford, hold fast
Your little sister's hand till you're quite past;
That plank is so crazy, and so slippery,
If not overflowed, the stepping-stones will be;
But you're good children — steady as old folk,
I'd trust ye anywhere." Then Lizzie's cloak
(A good gray duffle) lovingly she tied,
And amply little Jenny's lack supplied
With her own warmest shawl. "Be sure," said she,
"To wrap it round, and knot it carefully,

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(Like this) when you come home — just leaving free
One hand to hold by. Now, make haste away, —
Good will to school and then good right to play."

The mother watches them with foreboding, though she knows not why. In a little while the threatened storm sets in. Night comes, and with it comes the father from his daily toil. There's a treasure hidden in his hat, —

A plaything for his young ones he has found, —
A dormouse nest; the living ball coiled round
For its long winter sleep; all his thought
As he trudged stoutly homeward, was of naught
But the glad wonderment in Jenny's eyes,
And graver Lizzie's quieter surprise,
When he should yield, by guess and kiss and prayer,
Hard won, the frozen captive to their care.

No little faces greet him as wont at the threshold; and to his hurried question, —

"Are they come?" — 'twas "No."
To throw his tools down, hastily unhook
The old cracked lantern from its dusty nook
And, while he lit it, speak a cheering word
That almost choked him, and was scarcely heard,
Was but a moment's act, and he was gone
To where a fearful foresight led him on.

A neighbor goes with him, and the faithful dog follows the children's tracks.

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"Hold the light
Low down, he's making for the water. Hark!
I know that whine; the old dog's found them, Mark."
So speaking, breathlessly he hurried on
Toward the old crazy foot-bridge. It was gone!
And all his dull contracted light could show
Was the black, void, and dark swollen stream below;
"Yet there's life somewhere — more than Tinker's whine,
That's sure," said Mark. "So, let the lantern shine
Down yonder. There's the dog — and hark!"
"Oh, dear!"
And a low sob comes faintly on the ear,
Mocked by the sobbing gust. Down, quick as thought,
Into the stream leaped Ambrose, where he caught
Fast hold of something — a dark huddled heap —
Half in the water, where it was scarce knee-deep
For a tall man; and half above it propped
By some old ragged side-piles that had stopped
Endways the broken plank when it gave way
With the two little ones, that luckless day!
"My babes! my lambkins!" was the father's cry,
*One little voice* made answer, "Here am I;"
'Twas Lizzie's. There she crouched with face as white,
More ghastly, by the flickering lantern-light,
Than sheeted corpse. The pale blue lips drawn tight,

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Wide parted, showing all the pearly teeth,
And eyes on some dark object underneath,
Washed by the turbid waters, fixed like stone, —
One arm and hand stretched out, and rigid grown,
Grasping, as in the death-gripe, Jenny's frock.
There she lay drowned.
They lifted her from out her watery bed —
Its covering gone, the lovely little head
Hung like a broken snowdrop all aside,
And one small hand. The mother's shawl was tied,
Leaving that free, about the child's small form,
As was her last injunction — "fast and warm,"
Too well obeyed — too fast! a fatal hold
Affording to the scrag, by a thick fold
That caught and pinned her to the river's bed,
While through the reckless water overhead,
Her life breath bubbled up.
"She might have lived,
Struggling like Lizzie," was the thought that rived
The wretched mother's heart when she heard all,
"But for my foolishness about that shawl."
"Who says I forgot?
Mother! indeed, indeed, I kept fast hold,
And tied the shawl quite close — she can't be cold —
But she won't move — we slept — I don't know how —
But I held on, and I'm so weary now —
And it's so dark and cold! Oh, dear! oh, dear!
And she won't move — if father were but here!"
All night long from side to side she turned,

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Piteously plaining like a wounded dove,
With now and then the murmur, "She won't move,"
And lo! when morning, as in mockery, bright
Shone on that pillow — passing strange the sight,
The young head's raven hair was streaked with white!

MRS. SOUTHEY.

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## Ramon.

DRUNK and senseless in his place,
Prone and sprawling on his face,
More like brute than any man
Alive or dead —
By his great pump out of gear,
Lay the peon engineer,
Waking only just to hear,
Overhead,
Angry tones that called his name,
Oaths and cries of bitter blame —
Woke to hear all this, and waking, turned and fled!

"To the man who'll bring to me,"
Cried Intendant Harry Lee —
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine —
"Bring the sot, alive or dead,
I will give to him," he said,
"Fifteen hundred *pesos* down,
Just to get the rascal's crown
Underneath this heel of mine;
Since but death

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Deserves the man whose deed,
Be it vice or want of heed,
Stops the pumps that give us breath,
Stops the pumps that suck the death
From the poisoned lower levels of the mine!"

No one answered, for a cry
From the shaft rose up on high;
And shuffling, scrambling, tumbling from below
Came the miners each, the bolder
Mounting on the weaker's shoulder,
Grappling, clinging to their hold, or
Letting go,
As the weaker gasped and fell
From the ladder to the well, —
To the poisoned pit of hell
Down below!

"To the man who sets them free,"
Cried the foreman, Harry Lee —
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine —
"Brings them out, and sets them free,
I will give that man," said he,
"Twice that sum, who with a rope
Face to face with death shall cope,
Let him come who dares to hope!"
"Hold your peace!" some one replied,
Standing by the foreman's side;
"There has one already gone, whoe'er he be!"

Then they held their breath with awe,
Pulling on the rope, and saw

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Fainting figures re-appear,
On the black rope swinging clear,
Fastened by some skilful hand from below;
Till a score the level gained,
And but one alone remained —
He the hero and the last,
He whose skilful hand made fast
The long line that brought them back to hope and cheer.

Haggard, gasping, down dropped he
At the feet of Harry Lee —
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine:
"I have come," he gasped, "to claim
Both rewards. Señor, my name
Is Ramon!
I'm the drunken engineer —
I'm the coward, Señor" — Here
He fell over by that sign
Dead as stone!

BRET HARTE.

## Auction Extraordinary.

I DREAMED a dream in the midst of my slumbers,
And as fast as I dreamed it came into numbers;
My thoughts ran along in such beautiful metre,
I'm sure I ne'er saw any poetry sweeter.

It seemed that a law had been recently made,
That a tax on old bachelor's pates should be laid;
And in order to make them all willing to marry,
The tax was as large as a man could well carry.

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The bachelors grumbled, and said 'twas no use,
'Twas cruel injustice, and horrid abuse,
And declared that to save their own hearts' blood
from spilling,
Of such a vile tax they would not pay a shilling.

But the rulers determined their scheme to pursue,
So they set all the bachelors up at vendue.

A crier was sent through the town to and fro,
To rattle his bell, and his trumpet to blow,
And to call out to all he might meet on his way,
"Ho! forty old bachelors sold here to-day!"

And presently all the old maids of the town,
Each in her very best bonnet and gown,
From thirty to sixty, fair, plain, red and pale,
Of every description, all flocked to the sale.

The auctioneer then in his labor began;
And called out aloud, as he held up a man,
"How much for a bachelor? Who wants to buy?"
In a twink every maiden responded, "I — I!"

In short, at a highly extravagant price,
The bachelors all were sold off in a trice,
And forty old maidens, some younger, some older,
Each lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

LUCRETIA M. DAVIDSON.

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## Marguerite of France.

THE Moslem spears were gleaming round Damietta's towers,
Though a Christian banner from her walls waved free its lily flowers:
Ay, proudly did the banner wave, as queen of earth and air;
But faint hearts throbbed beneath its folds in anguish and despair.

Deep, deep in Paynim dungeon, their kingly chieftain lay,
And low on many an Eastern field their knighthood's best array.
'Twas mournful when at feast they met, the wine-cup round to send,
For each that touched it silently then missed a gallant friend.

And mournful was their vigil on the beleaguered wall,
And dark their slumber, dark with dreams of slow defeat and fall:
Yet a few hearts of chivalry rose high to breast the storm,
And one — of all the loftiest there — thrilled in a woman's form.

A woman meekly bending o'er the slumber of her child,
With her soft, sad eyes of weeping love, as the Virgin Mother's mild.

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Oh! roughly cradled was thy babe, midst the clash
of spear and lance,
And a strange, wild bower was thine, young queen,
fair Marguerite of France!

A dark and vaulted chamber, like a scene for
wizard spell,
Deep in Saracenic gloom of the warrior citadel;
And there, 'midst arms, the couch was spread, and
with banners curtained o'er,
For the daughter of the minstrel land, the gay
Provençal shore,

For the bright queen of St. Louis, the star of court
and hall;
But the deep strength of the gentle heart wakes to
the tempest's call.
Her lord was in the Paynim's hold, his soul with
grief oppressed,
Yet calmly lay she desolate, with her young babe
on her breast.

There were voices in that city, voices of wrath
and fear:
"The walls grow weak, the strife is vain — we will
not perish here.
Yield, yield! and let the crescent gleam o'er tower
and bastion high.
Our distant homes are beautiful — we stay not
here to die."

They bore those fearful tidings to the sad queen
where she lay.

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They told a tale of wavering hearts, of treason and dismay.
The blood rushed through her pearly cheeks, the sparkle to her eye,
"Now call me hither those recreant knights from the bands of Italy!"

Then through the vaulted chambers stern iron footsteps rang;
And heavily the sounding floor gave back the sabre's clang.
They stood around her — steel-clad men, moulded for storm and fight;
But they quailed before the loftier soul in that pale aspect bright.

Yes; as before the falcon shrinks the bird of meaner wing,
So shrank they from the imperial glance of her, that fragile thing!
And her flute-like voice rose clear and high through the din of arms around,
Sweet, and yet stirring to the soul, as a silver clarion's sound.

"The honor of the lily is in your hands to keep,
And the banner of the cross for Him who died on Calvary's steep;
And the city which for Christian prayer hath heard the holy bell;
And is it these your hearts will yield to the godless infidel?

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"Then bring me here a breastplate and a helm
before ye fly,
And I will gird my woman's form, and on the
ramparts die;
And the boy whom I have borne for woe, but never
for disgrace,
Shall go within my arms to death meet for his
royal race.

"Look on him as he slumbers in the shadow of
the lance;
Then go, and with the cross forsake the princely
babe of France!
But tell your homes ye left one heart to perish
undefiled,
A woman — and a queen — to guard her honor
and her child!"

Before her words they thrilled, like leaves when
winds are in the wood;
And a deepening murmur told of men roused to a
loftier mood;
And her babe awoke to flashing swords, unsheathed
in many a hand,
As they gathered round the helpless one — again a
noble band.

"We are thy warriors, lady! true to the cross and
thee,
The spirit of thy kindling words on every sword
shall be.

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Rest, with thy fair child upon thy breast, — rest,
we will guard thee well;
St. Denis for the lily-flower and the Christian
citadel!"

MRS. HEMANS

## Ave Maria.

A BRETON LEGEND.

I.

IN the ages of faith before the day
When men were too proud to weep or pray,
There stood in a red-roofed Breton town,
Snugly nestled 'twixt sea and down,
A chapel for simple souls to meet
Nightly, and sing with voices sweet,
Ave Maria!

II.

There was an idiot, palsied, bleared,
With unkempt locks and a matted beard,
Hunched from the cradle, vacant-eyed,
And whose head kept rolling from side to side;
Yet who, when the sunset-glow grew dim,
Joined with the rest in the twilight hymn,
Ave Maria!

III.

One year when the harvest feasts were done,
And the mending of tattered nets begun,
And the sea-bird's scream took a weirder key
From the wailing wind and the moaning sea,
He was found at morn on the fresh-strewn snow,
Frozen and faint, and crooning low,
Ave Maria!

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IV.

They stirred up the ashes between the dogs,
And warmed his limbs by the blazing logs,
Chafed his puckered and bloodless skin,
And strove to quiet his chattering chin;
But, ebbing with unreturning tide,
He kept on murmuring till he died,
Ave Maria!

V.

Idiot, soulless, brute from birth,
He could not be buried in sacred earth;
So they laid him afar, apart, alone,
Without a cross, or turf, or stone,
Senseless clay unto senseless clay,
To which none ever came nigh to say,
Ave Maria!

VI.

When the meads grew saffron, the hawthorns white,
And the lark bore his music out of sight,
And the swallow out-raced the racing wave,
Up from the lonely outcast grave
Sprouted a lily straight and high,
Such as she bears to whom men cry,
Ave Maria!

VII.

None had planted it; no one knew
How it had come there, why it grew —
Grew up strong till its stately stem
Was crowned with a snow-white diadem —
One pure lily, round which, behold!
Was written by God in veins of gold,
Ave Maria!

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VIII.

Over the lily they built a shrine,
Where are mingled the mystic bread and wine;
Shrine you may see in the little town
That is snugly nestled 'twixt deep and down.
Through the Breton land it hath wondrous fame,
And it bears the unshriven idiot's name,
Ave Maria!

IX.

Hunchbacked, gibbering, blear-eyed, halt,
From forehead to footstep one foul fault,
Crazy, contorted, mindless-born,
The gentle's pity, the cruel's scorn,
Who shall bar you the gates of day,
So you have simple faith to say,
Ave Maria!

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

## Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night.

ENGLAND'S sun was slowly setting o'er the hilltops
far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one
sad day.
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and
maiden fair, —
He with step so slow and weary, she with sunny
floating hair:
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful; she
with lips all cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur, — "Curfew
must not ring to-night."

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"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls dark, damp, and cold,
"I've a father in that prison, doomed this very night to die,
At the ringing of the curfew — and no earthly help is nigh;
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her lips grew strangely white
As she breathed the husky whisper, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton, — every word pierced her young heart
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly, poisoned dart, —
"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old I will not miss it. — Curfew it must ring to-night."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn vow.
She had listened while the judges read without a tear or sigh,

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"At the ringing of the curfew, Basil Underwood
must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes
grew large and bright —
In an undertone she murmured, — "Curfew must
not ring to-night."

She with quick steps bounded forward, sprang
within the old church door,
Left the old man treading slowly paths so oft he'd
trod before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye
and cheek aglow,
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell
swung to and fro,
Then she climbed the dusty ladder on which fell
no ray of light,
Up and up, — her white lips saying, — "Curfew
*shall* not ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs
the great dark bell;
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like a pathway
down to hell.
Lo! the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the
hour of curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her
breath, and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Flash her eyes
with sudden light,
And she springs, and grasps it firmly, "Curfew
shall not ring to-night."

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Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a speck of light below,
'Twixt heaven and earth her form suspended, as the bell swung to and fro;
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not the bell,
But he thought it still was ringing Bessie's father's funeral knell.
Still the maiden clung most firmly, and with trembling lips and white,
Said to hush her heart's wild beating, — "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted. And this deed so bravely done,
Has been told for long, long ages; as the rays of setting sun
Light the sky with crimson beauty, aged sires, with heads of white,
Tell their children why the curfew did not ring that one sad night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie sees him, and her brow,
Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious traces now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised and torn;

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And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow pale and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eye with misty light:
"Go, your father lives," said Cromwell. "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

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## The Charcoal Man.

THOUGH rudely blows the wintry blast,
And sifting snows fall white and fast,
Mark Haley drives along the street,
Perched high upon his wagon-seat;
His sombre face the storm defies,
And thus from morn till eve he cries, —
"Charco'! charco'!"
While echo faint and far replies, —
"Hark, O! hark, O!"
"Charco'!" — "Hark, O!" — Such cheery sounds
Attend him on his daily rounds.

The dust begrimes his ancient hat;
His coat is darker far than that;
'Tis odd to see his sooty form
All speckled with the feathery storm;
Yet in his honest bosom lies
No spot nor speck, — though still he cries, —
"Charco'! charco'!"

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And many a roguish lad replies, —
"Ark, ho! ark, ho!"
"Charco'!" — "Ark, ho!" — Such various sounds
Announce Mark Haley's morning rounds.

Thus all the cold and wintry day
He labors much, for little pay;
Yet feels no less of happiness
Than many a richer man, I guess,
When through the shades of eve he spies
The light of his own home, and cries, —
"Charco'! charco'!"
And Martha from the door replies, —
"Mark, ho! Mark, ho!"
"Charco'!" — "Mark, ho!" — Such joy abounds
When he has closed his daily rounds.

The hearth is warm, the fire is bright;
And while his hand, washed clean and white,
Holds Martha's tender hand once more,
His glowing face bends fondly o'er
The crib wherein their darling lies,
nd in a coaxing tone he cries, —
"Charco'! charco'!"
And baby with a laugh replies, —
"Ah, go! ah, go!"
"Charco'!" — "Ah, go!" — While at the sounds
The mother's heart with gladness bounds.

Then honored be the charcoal-man!
Though dusky as an African.

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'Tis not for you, that chance to be
A little better clad than he,
His honest manhood to despise,
Although from morn till eve he cries, —
"Charco'! charco'!"
While mocking echo still replies, —
"Hark, O! hark, O!"
"Charco'!" — "Hark, O!" — Long may the sounds
Proclaim Mark Haley's daily rounds.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

## Mary Queen of Scots.

IT was a laboring bark that slowly held its way,
And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of evening lay;
And on the deck a lady sat who looked with tearful gaze
Upon the fast-receding hills within the distant haze.
The past was fair, like those dear hills so far behind her bark;
The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and dark.
One gaze again, one long, last gaze: "Adieu, dear France, to thee!"
The breeze comes forth — she's there alone upon the wide, wide sea.

The scene was changed. It was an eve of raw and surly mood,
And in a turret-chamber high of ancient Holyrood

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Sat Mary, listening to the rain and sighing with the winds,
That seemed to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds.
The touch of care had blanched her cheeks, her smile was sadder now,
The weight of royalty had lain too heavy on her brow;
And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field;
The Stuart *sceptre* well she swayed, but the *sword* she could not wield.
She thought of all her blighted hopes, the dreams of youth's brief day,
And summoned Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel play
The songs she loved in early years, the songs of gay Navarre,
The songs perchance that erst were sung by gallant Chatelar:
They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed her into smiles,
They won her thoughts from bigot zeal and fierce domestic broils.

But hark, the tramp of armed men! the Douglas' battle-cry!
They come, they come! and lo! the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye!
Around an unarmed man they crowd — Ruthven in mail complete,
George Douglas, Ker of Fawdonside, and Rizzio at their feet!

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With rapiers drawn and pistols bent they seized
their wretched prey,
Wrenched Mary's garments from his grasp, and
stabbed him where he lay.
I saw George Douglas raise his arm, I saw his
dagger gleam;
Then sounded Rizzio's dying cry and Mary's pite-
ous scream.
And then the torches waved and shook, and louder
grew the din,
And up the stairs and through the doors the rest
came trooping in.
But Mary Stuart brushed aside the burning tears
that fell:
"Now for my father's arm!" she gasped; "my
woman's heart, farewell!"

The scene was changed. It was a lake with one
small lonely isle,
And there within the prison walls of its baronial pile,
Stern men stood menacing their queen till she
should stoop to sign
The traitorous scroll that snatched the crown from
her ancestral line.
"My lords, my lords," the captive said, "were I
but once more free,
With ten good knights on yonder shore to aid my
cause and me,
That parchment would I rend, and give to any
wind that blows,
And reign a queen, a Stuart yet, in spite of all my
foes!"

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A red spot burned upon her cheek — streamed her rich tresses down,
She wrote the words; she stood erect — a queen without a crown!

The scene was changed. A royal host a royal banner bore,
And the faithful of the land stood round their smiling queen once more;
She checked her steed upon a hill, she saw them marching by,
She heard their shouts, she read success in every flashing eye.
The tumult of the strife begins; it roars, it dies away,
And Mary's troops and banners now — oh, where and what are they?
Scattered, struck down or flying far, defenceless and undone —
Ah, me! to see what she has lost, to think what guilt has won!
Away, away! her gallant steed must act no laggard's part;
Yet vain his speed to bear her from the anguish at her heart.

Last scene of all. Beside the block a sullen headsman stood,
Gleamed in his hand the murderous axe that soon must drip with blood,
With slow and stately step there came a lady through the hall,

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And breathless silence chained the lips and touched
the hearts of all:
Rich were the sable robes she wore; her white
veil round her fell,
And from her neck there hung a cross — the cross
she loved so well!
I knew that queenly form again, though blighted
was its bloom —
Though grief and care had decked it out, an offer-
ing for the tomb.
I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so
brightly shone;
I knew the voice, still musical, that thrilled with
every tone;
I knew the ringlets, almost gray, once threads of
living gold;
I knew that bounding step of grace, that symme-
try of mould.
And memory sought her far away in that calm
convent aisle,
Could hear her chant her vesper-hymn, could mark
her holy smile;
Could see her as in youth she looked upon her
bridal morn,
A new star in the firmanent to light and glory
born!
Alas, the change! her daring foot had touched a
triple throne —
Now see her on the scaffold stand, beside the block,
*alone!*
A little dog that licks her hand the last of all the
crowd

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Who sunned themselves beneath her glance or
round her footsteps bowed!
Her neck is bare — the axe descends — the soul
has passed away!
The bright, the beautiful, is now a bleeding piece
of clay.

## Irish National Hymn.

O IRELAND! ancient Ireland!
Ancient, yet forever young!
Thou our mother, home, and sireland,
Thou at length hast found a tongue.
Proudly thou, at length,
Resistest in triumphant strength.
Thy flag of freedom floats unfurled;
And as that mighty God existeth,
Who giveth victory when and where He listeth,
Thou yet shalt wake and shake the nations of
the world.

For this dull world still slumbers,
Weetless of its wants or loves,
Though, like Galileo, numbers
Cry aloud, "It moves! it moves!"
In a midnight dream
Drifts it down Time's wreckful stream, —
All march, but few descry the goal.
O Ireland, be it thy high duty
To teach the world the might of moral beauty,
And stamp God's image truly on the struggling
soul.

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Strong in thy self-reliance,
Not in idle threat or boast,
Hast thou hurled thy fierce defiance
At the haughty Saxon host.
Thou hast claimed in sight
Of high Heaven, thy long-lost right.
Upon thy hills, along thy plains,
In the green bosom of thy valleys,
The new-born soul of holy freedom rallies,
And calls on thee to trample down in dust thy chains.

Deep, saith the Eastern story,
Burns in Iran's mines a gem,
For its dazzling hues and glory,
Worth a sultan's diadem.
But from human eyes
Hidden there it ever lies!
The aye-travailing gnomes alone,
Who toil to form the mountain's treasure,
May gaze and gloat with pleasure without measure
Upon the lustrous beauty of that wonder-stone.

So is it with a nation,
Which would win for its rich dower
That bright pearl, Self-Liberation;
It must labor hour by hour.
Strangers who travail
To lay bare the gem, shall fail;
Within itself must grow, must glow,
Within the depths of its own bosom,

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Must flower in living might, must broadly blossom,
The hopes that shall be born ere Freedom's Tree can blow.

Go on, then, all-rejoiceful!
March on thy career unbowed!
IRELAND! let thy noble, voiceful
Spirit cry to God aloud!
Man will bid thee speed,
God will aid thee in thy need;
The time, the hour, the power are near,
Be sure thou soon shalt form the yanguard
Of that illustrious band, whom Heaven and man guard.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

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## "Rock of Ages."

"ROCK of ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung.
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sang as little children sing;
Sang as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

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"Let me hide myself in Thee," —
  Felt her soul no need to hide —
Sweet the song as song could be,
  And she had no thought beside;
All the words, unheedingly,
  Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not that they might be
  On some others' lips a prayer —
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me," —
  'Twas a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully —
  Every word her heart did know.
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
  Beats with weary wing the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred,
  Every syllable a prayer —
  "Rock of ages, cleft for me,
  Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me," —
  Lips grown aged sang the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly,
  Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim.
"Let me hide myself in Thee,"
  Trembling though the voice and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
  Like a river in its flow;
Sang as only they can sing
  Who life's thorny path have prest;

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Sang as only they can sing
  Who behold the promised rest —
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me," —
  Sung above a coffin lid; —
Underneath, all restfully,
  All life's joys and sorrows hid;
Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul!
  Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billow's roll
  Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
  Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
  Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, ay, still, the words would be —
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

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## Incident of the French Camp.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
  A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoleon
  Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
  Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
  Oppressive with its mind.

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Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
  That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader, Lannes,
  Waver at yonder wall," —
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
  A rider, bound on bound,
Full galloping; nor bridle drew
  Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
  And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
  You hardly could suspect
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
  Scarce any blood came through),
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
  Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
  We've got you Ratisbon!
The marshal's in the market-place,
  And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
  Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
  Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
  Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
  When her bruised eaglet breathes:

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"You're wounded!" — "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, sire!" And his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

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## Death Makes All Men Brothers.

WAR was in the old dominions, and proud Austria's pride and boast
Met, to conquer or be conquered — met the valiant Prussian host.
Flags in Austrian hands uplifted, fluttered in the morning breeze;
Flags with Prussian streamers flying cleft the air with graceful ease.
Sweet as silver voice of woman, clear-toned bugles thrilled the air,
Stealing from the morning slumber, drifting through the morning prayer.
Deep-mouthed cannon loudly thundered; far-off mountains caught the sound,
Sending back reverberations through the startled country round.
Bristling like an angry forest, file on file of bayonets bright,
Like a city legion-spired, gleamed before the wearied sight;
Swords in strong right hands expectant, eager for the coming fray,
Leaped from burdened scabbards, ready valor's mandates to obey.

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Mettled chargers, snuffing battle in the rolling of the drum,
Spurned the earth, while proudly marching, for the glory soon to come.
Friend and foeman, prince and yeoman, side by side that day were found,
Warriors grim and beardless striplings by the same stern fetters bound;
Austrian wives and Austrian mothers, weeping, made the sacred sign —
Crossed their foreheads, crossed their bosoms, kneeling by a saintly shrine.
Prussian wives and Prussian mothers, firm in faith and strong in creed,
Prayed God's blessing for their loved ones, in that hour of direst need.

"Hark! the trumpet now is calling. Soldiers, forward! Cowards, fly!
Let no laggard join the columns! — heroes live, or heroes die.
Ho, there, standard-bearers, ready! manfully maintain each post;
Once our colors earthward trailing, lo, the day for us is lost!"
Boom of guns and crack of rifles, whistling shot and bursting shell:
Then two armies rushed together, with a wild, exultant yell.
Right and left, still fast and faster fell the deadly sabre-strokes,
As the lightning in midsummer rends the heart of sturdy oaks.

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Shrieks of wounded men and dying fell upon the tortured air;
Prayers of chaplains, priestly shrivings, rose 'mid wailings of despair.
Morning smiled on two great armies, valiant-hearted for their foes;
Evening frowned on shattered remnants, thankful for the night's repose.
After toil, how sweet is slumber! but the fateful battle din
Weary nights of anxious searching for the fallen ushers in.
"Shall we find them dead or dying — horse and rider both gone down?
Theirs fame's ever-fadeless laurel, or the tardy martyr crown?"

Austrian seeking brother Austrian heard this plaintive, pleading cry:
"Weary, weary hours I've lain here; help me, help me, or I die!"
Quickly to the moaning soldier, with his full canteen he hied;
Cooled his parching lips with water, stanched the wound upon his side.
Ha! what curdles all his life-blood, like a cruel, frenzied dream?
On the stripling's leathern girdle see the Prussian eagle gleam!

"Dastard Prussian, lie there, die there! What care I for your sad plight?

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Think you, through the day I fought you, glad to succor you at night?
To my dying day I'll scorn you, spurn you till my sword shall rust!
Glad were I if every Prussian by our arms should bite the dust!"
Mutely then the weak hand beckoned, feebly motioning to take
From his breast, that death was chilling, treasures kept for "mother's sake."

Hearts are hearts, though men be foemen; and the Austrian kneeling down,
Gently sought the sacred relic, dearer than a world's renown.
Opening wide the cherished locket, lo! he saw soft silver hair;
Read within, "With mother's blessing," sweet words deftly graven there.
Gone all feuds and deadly striving; gone the soldier; and a son,
Lost forever to his mother, now his dimmed eyes rested on.
Quick he tore aside the doublet, fanned the pallid brow again:
What to him was Austrian feather, what was Prussian eagle, then?
Prussian head on Austrian bosom — Austrian hand the pain beguiled,
For he knew a *mother* somewhere soon would mourn her dear dead child.

LOUISE S. UPHAM.

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## The One-Legged Goose.

A WEALTHY gentleman in Herefordshire,
  Not troubled with an overplus of brains,
Like many a worthy country squire,
  Whose craniums give them very little pains,
Lived quietly upon his own estate.
  He was a bachelor, but whether that
Argues in favor of his understanding,
  Or militates against it, is a question
That I would wish to have no hand in,
  But leave it to your cool digestion.
    He ne'er perplexed his pate
    With the affairs of state,
  But led a calm, domesticated life,
  Far from the noise of town and party strife.
He loved to smoke his pipe with jovial souls,
Prided himself upon his skill at bowls,
At which he left his neighbors in the lurch.
On Sundays, too, he always went to church,
  (As should each penitential sinner,)
Took, during sermon-time, his usual snore,
And gave his sixpence at the door,
  And then walked comfortably home to dinner.

As there are many, I dare say,
  Who into such affairs have never looked,
I think I'd better mention, by the way,
  That dinners, ere they're *eaten*, should be *cooked*!
At least our squire's were so before he took 'em,
And consequently he'd a cook to cook 'em.

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Now, as I shall have work enough
For this most gracious queen of kitchen-stuff,
It may not be amiss to tell you that
  (Of lusty beauty quite a masterpiece,)
This modern maid of *Fat*
  Surpassed the famous ancient dames of *Greece.*
Of course, then, she had lovers plenty —
Ay, that she had, sir, nearly twenty!
But none did she so dote upon
As our squire's lusty gardener, John.
It chanced one year, as almanacs can tell,
St. Michael's Day on Sunday fell.
The squire, the night before, as was his use,
Gave Peggy orders to procure a goose;
Then went to church next morning cheerfully,
And ordered dinner to be done by three.
'Twas half-past two, — the cloth was laid,
Peggy the apple-sauce had made.
The bird was done, and she for master wishing;
When, lo! attracted by the luscious gale,
And somewhat elevated with strong ale,
  John popped into the kitchen.

"What, cookee, got a goose? Well, come, that's nice.
Faith, cookee, I should like to have a slice.
And apple-sauce, too, there's a darling, Peg.
Do take a knife, and cut me off a leg."
"Cut off a leg! That would be pretty fun.
What! serve it up to squire with only *one?*"
"Ay, to be sure. Why, master durstn't kill you.
I'll cut it off." — "*Adone,* you fool, now will you?"

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What arguments he used I cannot say;
But love, whose sceptre's all-commanding sway,
Cookmaids as well as countesses obey,
Ordained it so, that, spite of all her reasoning,
John stole the leg, with lots of sauce and seasoning.
Though Peg, poor girl, was rather vexed
At this unlooked-for sad disaster,
She was not quite so much perplexed
As you may think. She had been used to gull
The squire, and knew the thickness of his skull;
And consequently this conclusion fell, —
They who could do a goose so well,
Would not be troubled much to do her master.

Home came the squire, to the moment true,
And rang for dinner in a hurry.
She browned the mutilated side anew,
And put it on the table in a flurry.
Soon as it met his eye, the squire
Exclaimed, with wonderment and ire,
"Why, see here, what do you call this, Peg?
Zounds, girl, where is the other leg?"
Peg courtesied, and replied in modest tone, —
"An't please you, sir, it never had but *one*."
"Only *one* leg! Where did you buy it, pray?"
"At Farmer Grains's, sir, across the way;
And if to-night, sir, you will go along with me,
I'll pledge my life that you shall see
A number of the farmer's geese,
Which, like this bird, have only one apiece."
"Well, prove it, and that alters quite the case;
But, if you don't, mind you shall lose your place."

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He ate his dinner, and began to doubt it,
And grumbled most decidedly about it.
The place was brown like all the rest, he saw:
"Hang it, she surely never ate it raw!"
Evening arrives, Peg puts her bonnet on,
And with her master to the farm is gone.
With expectation big, they softly creep
Where Farmer Grains's geese are fast asleep.

Now to your recollection I would bring,
That, when these pretty creatures go to roost,
They draw up one leg close beneath their wing,
And stand upon the other like a post.
"There, sir," cries Peg, "now, pray, sir, cease your pother.
There, sir, there's one, and there, sir, is another!'
"Pooh! Nonsense! Stuff!" exclaims the squire.
"Now, look ye—
St, St,—there, now, they've got on *two* legs, cookee"—
"Ay, sir," cried Peg, "had you said that *at home*,
Nor you nor I had cause to roam;
But, recollect, sir, ere you think I'm beaten,
You didn't say, *St*, *St*, to the one you've *eaten!*"

J. R. PLANCHÉ

## The Cane-Bottomed Chair.

IN tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world, and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

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To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks
With worthless old knickknacks, and silly old books,
And foolish old odds, and foolish old ends,
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends,

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all cracked),
Old ricketty tables, and chairs broken-backed;
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see;
What matter? 'Tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the ricketty, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp;
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp;
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn —
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times;

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As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakie,
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best;
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,
A thrill must have passed through your withered old arms!
I looked, and I longed, and I wished in despair;
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place—
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face!
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there and bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since
Like the shrine of a saint or the throne of a prince;
Saint Fanny my patroness sweet I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

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When the candles burn low, and the company's
gone,
In the silence of night as I sit here alone —
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair —
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past, and revisits my room;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

## The Ride of Collins Graves.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FLOOD IN MASSACHUSETTS, MAY 16, 1874.

No song of a soldier riding down
To the raging fight of Winchester town;
No song of a time that shook the earth
With the nation's throe at a nation's birth;
But the song of a brave man, free from fear
As Sheridan's self, or Paul Revere;
Who risked what they risked, free from strife
And its promise of glorious pay, — his life.

The peaceful valley has waked and stirred,
And the answering echoes of life are heard;
The dew still clings to the trees and grass,
And the earlier toilers smiling pass,
As they glance aside at the white-walled homes,
Or up the valley where merrily comes

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The brook that sparkles in diamond rills
As the sun comes over the Hampshire hills.

What was it that passed like an ominous breath,
Like a shiver of fear or a touch of death?
What was it? The valley is peaceful still,
And the leaves are afire on the top of the hill;
It was not a sound, nor a thing of sense —
But a pain, like a pang in the short suspense
That wraps the being of those who see
At their feet the gulf of eternity.

The air of the valley has felt the chill;
The workers pause at the door of the mill;
The housewife, keen to the shivering air,
Arrests her foot on the cottage stair,
Instinctive taught by the mother-love,
And thinks of the sleeping ones above.

Why start the listeners? Why does the course
Of the mill-stream widen? Is it a horse —
"Hark to the sound of his hoofs," they say
That gallops so wildly Williamsburg way?

God! What was that, like a human shriek,
From the winding valley? Will nobody speak?
Will nobody answer those women who cry
As the awful warnings thunder by?

Whence come they? Listen! And now they hear
The sound of the galloping horse-hoofs near;
They watch the trend of the vale, and see
The rider, who thunders so menacingly,

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With waving arms and warning scream
To the home-filled banks of the valley stream.
He draws no rein, but he shakes the street
With a shout and the ring of the galloping feet,
And this the cry that he flings to the wind:
"*To the hills for your lives! The flood is behind!*"

He cries and is gone; but they know the worst —
The treacherous Williamsburg dam has burst! —
The basin that nourished their happy homes
Is changed to a demon — It comes! it comes!
A monster in aspect, with shaggy front
Of shattered dwellings to take the brunt
Of the dwellings they shatter, — white-maned and hoarse,
The merciless terror fills the course
Of the narrow valley, and rushing raves,
With death on the first of its hissing waves,
Till cottage and street and crowded mill
Are crumbled and crushed. But onward still,
In front of the roaring flood is heard
The galloping horse, and the warning word.
Thank God that the brave man's life is spared!
From Williamsburg town he nobly dared
To race with the flood, and to take the road
In front of the terrible swath it mowed.
For miles it thundered and crashed behind,
But he looked ahead with a steadfast mind:
"*They must be warned!*" was all he said,
As away on his terrible ride he sped.

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When heroes are called for, bring the crown
To this Yankee rider; send him down
On the stream of time with the Curtius old;
His deed as the Roman's was brave and bold.
And the tale can as noble a thrill awake,
For he offered his life for the people's sake.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

## The Tear of Repentance.

ONE morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate;
And as she listened to the springs
Of life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!
"How happy," exclaimed this child of air,
"Are the holy spirits who wander there,
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall!
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
One blossom of heaven outblooms them all!"

The glorious angel who was keeping
The gates of light beheld her weeping;
And, as he nearer drew and listened,
A tear within his eyelids glistened—
"Nymph of a fair but erring line!"
Gently he said, "one hope is thine.
'Tis written in the book of fate,
The Peri yet may be forgiven

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Who brings to this eternal gate
The gift that is most dear to Heaven!
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin;
'Tis sweet to let the pardoned in!"
Rapidly as comets run
To the embraces of the sun,
Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
And lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

Over the vale of Baalbec winging,
The Peri sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies
That fluttered round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems:
And near the boy, who, tired with play,
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small temple's rustic fount
Impatient fling him down to drink.

Then swift his haggard brow he turned
To the fair child who fearless sat, —
Though never yet hath day-beam burned
Upon a brow more fierce than that, —
Sullenly fierce, — a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds of gloom and fire

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In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening time
Softened his spirit) looked and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play;
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
As torches that have burned all night
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air
From Syria's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels with his forehead to the south,
Lisping th' eternal name of God
From purity's own cherub mouth;
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain
And seeking for its home again.

And how felt he, the wretched man
Reclining there, — while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife
That marked the dark flood of his life,

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Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace?
"There was a time," he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones, "thou blessed child!
When young, and haply pure as thou,
I looked and prayed like thee; but now —"
He hung his head; each nobler aim
And hope and feeling which had slept
From boyhood's hour that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept, — he wept!

And now! behold him kneeling there,
By the child's side in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven
The triumph of a soul forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they lingered yet,
There fell a light — more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star —
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek:
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam;
But well th' enraptured Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the angel threw
From heaven's gate, to hail that tear,
Her harbinger of glory near!
"Joy, joy," she cried, "my task is done,
The gates are passed, and heaven is won!"

THOMAS MOORE.

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## Brushwood.

On a weary slope of Apennine,
At sober dusk of day's decline,
Out of the solemn solitude
At Vallombrosa's antique wood,
A withered woman, tanned and bent,
Bearing her bundled brushwood went,
Poising it on her palsied head,
As if in penance for prayers unsaid.

Her dull cheeks channelled were with tears,
Shed in the storms of eighty years;
Her wild hair fell in gusty flow,
White as the foamy brook below:
Still toiled she with her load alone,
With feeble feet but steadfast will,
To gain her little home, that shone
Like a dreary lantern on the hill.

The mountain child no toil could tame,
With lighter load beside her came,
Spake kindly, but its accents fond
Were lost — soon lost on the heights beyond.
There came the maid in her glowing dress,
The wild-eyed witch of the wilderness,
Her brush-load shadowing her face,
Her upright figure full of grace,
Like those tall pines whose only boughs
Are gathered round their dusky brows: —
Singing, she waved her hand, "Good-night,"
And round the mountain passed from sight.

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There climbed the laborers from their toil,
Brown as their own Italian soil;
Like satyrs, some in goatskin suits —
Some bearing home their scanty fruits
Of harvest work — the swinging flasks
Of oil or wine, or little casks,
Under which the dull mule went,
Cheered with its bell, and the echoes sent
From others on the higher height,
Saying to the vale, "Good-night," —
"Good-night," — and still the withered dame
Slowly staggered on the same.

Here, astride of his braying beast,
A brown monk came, and then a priest;
Each telling to the shadowy air
Perchance, his "*Ave Maria*" prayer,
For the sky was full of vesper showers,
Shook from the many convent towers,
Which fell into the woman's brain
Like dew upon an arid plain.
These pious men beside her rode, —
She crossed herself beneath her load,
As best she could, — and so "Good-night,"
And they rode upward out of sight.

How far, how very far it seemed,
To where that starry taper gleamed,
Placed by her grandchild on the sill
Of the cottage window on the hill!
Many a parent heart before,
Laden till it could bear no more,

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Has seen a heavenward light that smiled,
And knew it placed there by a child; —
A long-gone child, whose anxious face
Gazed toward them down the deeps of space,
Longing for the loved to come
To the quiet of that home.

Steeper and rougher grew the road,
Harder and heavier grew the load;
Her heart beat like a weight of stone
Against her breast. A sigh and moan,
Mingled with prayer, escaped her lips
Of sorrow, o'ersurging night's eclipse.
"Of all who pass me by," she said,
"There is never one to led me aid;
Could I but gain yon wayside shrine,
There would I rest this load of mine,
And tell my sacred rosary through,
And try what patient prayer would do."

Again she heard the toiling tread
Of one who climbed that way, — and said,
"I will be bold, though I should see
A monk or priest, or it should be
The noble abbot, at whose nod
Unnumbered people toil and plod:
I'll ask his aid to yonder place,
Where I may breathe a little space,
And so regain my home." He came,
And, halting by the ancient dame,
Heard her brief story and request,
Which moved the pity in his breast;

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And so he straightway took her load,
Toiling beside her up the road,
Until, with heart that overflowed,
She begged him lay her bundled sticks
Close at the feet of the crucifix.

So down he set her brushwood freight
Against the wayside cross, and straight
She bowed her palsied head to greet
And kiss the sculptured Saviour's feet;
And then and there she told her grief,
In broken sentences and brief.
And now the memory o'er her came
Of days blown out, like a taper flame,
Never to be relighted, when,
From many a summer hill and glen,
She culled the loveliest blooms to shine
About the feet of this same shrine;
But now, where once her flowers were gay,
Naught but the barren brushwood lay!
She wept a little at the thought,
And prayers and tears a quiet brought,
Until anon, relieved of pain,
She rose to take her load again.
But lo! the bundle of dead wood
Had burst to blossom! and now stood
Dawning upon her marvelling sight,
Filling the air with odorous light!

Then spake her traveller-friend: "Dear soul,
Thy perfect faith hath made thee whole!
I am the Burthen-Bearer, — I

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Will never pass the o'erladen by.
My feet are on the mountain steep,
They wind through valleys dark and deep;
They print the hot dust of the plain,
And walk the billows of the main.
Wherever is a load to bear,
My willing shoulder still is there!
Thy toil is done." He took her hand,
And led her through a May-time land;
Where round her pathway seemed to wave
Each votive flower she ever gave
To make her favorite altar bright,
As if the angels, at their blight,
Had borne them to the fields of blue,
Where, planted 'mid eternal dew,
They bloom, as witnesses arrayed
Of one on earth who toiled and prayed.

T. BUCHANAN READ.

## Anne Hathaway.

**(A traditionary ballad, sung to a day-dreamer by the murmurs of Shottery Brook.)**

No beard on thy chin, but a fire in thine eye,
With lustiest manhood's in passion to vie,
A stripling in form, with a tongue that can make
The oldest folks listen, maids sweethearts forsake,
Hie over the fields at the first blush of May,
And give thy boy's heart unto Anne Hathaway.

She's a stout yeoman's daughter, and prizes herself,
She'll marry an esquire, or lie on the shelf;

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'Tis just ten years gone, since in maidenhood's prime,
To a farmer she said, "Nay, I'll bide my own time;"
Now "Out and alas!" all the kind neighbors say,
"She has married a stripling, has Anne Hathaway."

That day ten years past—it was then autumn time,
And the Shottery orchards were in their full prime,
Young Willie came over from Stratford to see
If any windfalls in Anne's pocket might be:
"For a kiss, or an apple, now come you to-day?"
"Why, for both," said the shrewd boy to Anne Hathaway.

The farmer he sat on the steps by the door:
"I've kine, sheep, and homestead, what can you want more?"
The little boy answered, ne'er dreaming how true,
"When *I* am her sweetheart, she cannot want *you?*"
Anne stooped down and kissed him, and said, in mere play,
"Yes, *Willie's* the sweetheart for Anne Hathaway."

The farmer laughed loud, "What a fine man he be!
You may kiss the wee laddie and ne'er jealous me."
Willie blushing replied, "You're a fool, it is plain,
Or you'd not want 'No' said more than once and again."

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The farmer trudged off, and scarce bade them good-
day,
And the boy ate *sour apples* with Anne Hathaway.

Then long years went over, and "Anne's hard to
please,"
Said yeomen at stacking, said shepherds on leas—
Till she went o'er to Welford to see the May
Queen,
And met there lithe Willie, just aged eighteen,
Who, slighting young lassies, was heard oft to say,
"That the Queen of all queans there was Anne
Hathaway."

At sundown the shortest way home he could show,
O'er the ford and by field-paths (much longer, we
know);
But he talked all the way with such marvellous
skill,
Anne doubted her eyes when they reached Baudon
Hill.
And at Shottery Brook she'd no power to say
"Nay,"
When he said, "You're my sweetheart, proud
Anne Hathaway."

He came o'er the fields at the next even-song,
And Anne, half-ashamed, stole to meet him along,
But the full-breasted passion of *Shakespeare's* love-
dream
Swept *her* will where it willed, like a *waif on a
stream;*

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"It was wooing and wedding at once," the folks say,
"For the green callant Willie with Anne Hathaway."

Now, a matron demure, Anne a formal life led,
She got up betimes, and went early to bed;
But Willie at sundown, when staid folks went home,
Hied up Welcomb Hill through the wild woods to roam;
Or would sit by the fire till the fresh blush of day,
Writing sonnets, sheer nonsense, to Anne Hathaway.

A store of old saws Anne could speak off by rote,
And oft wanted Willie their wisdom to note.
And he listened at times, but provokingly smiled,
Like a sage brought to book by an overwise child,
Or strangely perverting, with new rhymes, each say,
Took the wind from the sails of poor Anne Hathaway.

In the woods around Charlcote, the moon thought one night
'Twas Endymion again singing hymns to her light;
But the park-keepers knew it was Will, and one swore
That the buck some sly poacher had just tumbled o'er

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Had been slain by his hand, and, for all Will could say,
He was stocked as a scapegrace—sad Anne Hathaway!

Then Willie, who chafed under sense of deep wrong,
From Apollo's own bow sent a shaft in a song,
Which pricked and so venomed the knight Lucy's breast,
That his frowns and his threats all the Shakespeares opprest;
So Will for their sakes fled from Stratford away,
And left a grass-widow in Anne Hathaway.

To her father's home then Anne as housekeeper went,
And sad months and years half-dependent there spent;
For the old folks in hard times were testy, cross-grained,
And oft of her children as burdens complained;
And in their best tempers were still heard to say
"That a *miss was* the marriage of *Anne Hathaway.*"

By the wagon from London a small packet came
"For y^e^ Mistress Anne, Hymen Shakespeare did name;"
In it were kind words and of high hopes a store,
But good moneys too, and a promise of more;
Which was kept in due season, and made the folks say,
That "*some wives were worse off than Anne Hathaway.*"

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Next came down rich dresses that made poor
Anne stare,
She was fearful to handle, and much more to wear;
When to church in the plainest she one Sunday
went,
All eyes in astonishment on her were bent;
But Anne tossed her head, for she heard the folks
say,
"That a *far-seeing wench had been Anne Hathaway.*"

The news-mongers, now that the Scots Queen was
dead,
And the Spanish Armada thrashed, captured, or
fled,
And laid up were Frobisher, Hawkins, and Drake,
Of Shakespeare's new fortunes much marvel did
make;
And when the truth failed them, would whisper
and say,
That the Queen was thought jealous of Anne
Hathaway.

With faith in broad acres, full barns, flocks, and
herds,
*Anne* doubted much profit from rhymes and fine
words;
She saw no work done to insure wealth of gold,
In the distance its growth but a dream-life could
hold,
From which waking up, her boy-husband one day
Might come home broken-hearted to Anne Hatha-
way.

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One evening in autumn, deep sadness came o'er,
As her pitcher she filled in the well near the door,
For an over-ripe apple she found by the brim,
And she thought what a gift it had once been for him.
A drop specked its bloom, and it came, spite of "Nay,"
From thy heart, not the cold well, proud Anne Hathaway.

She set down the pitcher, and leaned o'er the gate,
To tell the young truants their supper did wait;
Susannah was spelling for Judith a book,
And Hamet was paddling about in the brook;
And she saw near the bridge, just a stone's throw away,
One who seemed a great lord unto Anne Hathaway.

His doublet and trunks were of velvet, that shone
Like the mellow-green moss on an old coping-stone,
A plume of white feathers his felt hat did grace,
And his collar and ruffles were broad Flanders lace;
With his buff-boots and spurs, he looked gallant and gay,
Yet were tears in his eyes then, cold Anne Hathaway.

Susannah stopped reading, and bade Judith look,
For Hamet stood fast in the mud of the brook,
With his eyes wonder-fixed, and his mouth open wide.

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Then the stranger advanced, and when close by Anne's side,
Though his bearded lip quivered, did smilingly say,
"Will you give me an apple, dear Anne Hathaway?"

Anne started, and trembled, and looked in his face,
Oh! could it be Willie's with majesty's grace?
Though it beamed youthful still — there the boy was no more,
For the full front of power and command it now wore;
And she shrank back afraid when she heard *Shakespeare* say
"Don't you know your own husband, dear Anne Hathaway?"

"'Tis my father!" cried Susan, and sprung to his breast —
From that moment ever beloved there the best —
But the others he called, and with hand and lip graced,
And tenderly their coy mother embraced.
"When I asked for an apple you never said 'Nay,'
But a *kiss* was a great gift from Anne Hathaway."

He went o'er to Stratford the very next morn,
And bought the *great* house where the Clopton was born.
And rich lands round Welcomb he purchased right out,

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And a propertied gentleman was, past all doubt;
And though the great title his fame flouts to-day,
Still she married an Esquire, did Anne Hathaway!

EDMUND FALCONER.

## Poor Little Joe.

PROP your eyes wide open, Joey,
  Fur I've brought you sumpin' great;
Apples? No; a heap sight better;
  Don't you take no interest? Wait!
Flowers, Joe — I knowed you'd like 'em —
  A'nt them scrumptious? A'nt them high?
Tears, my boy? Wot's them fur, Joey?
  There — poor little Joe! — don't cry.

I was skippin' past a winder,
  Where a bang-up lady sot,
All amongst a lot of bushes —
  Each one climbin' from a pot;
Every bush had flowers on it —
  Pretty? Mebbe not! Oh, no!
Wish you could 'a' seen 'em growin',
  It was sich a stunnin' show.

Well, I thought of you, poor feller,
  Lyin' here so sick and weak,
Never knowin' any comfort,
  And I puts on lots o' cheek.
"Missus," says I, "if you please, mum,
  Could I ax you for a rose?
Fur my little brother, missus,
  Never seed one, I suppose."

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Then I told her all about you —
  How I bringed you up, poor Joe,
(Lackin' women-folks to do it,)
  Such a imp as you was, you know —
Till yer got that awful tumble,
  Just as I had broke yer in
(Hard work, too) to earn yer livin',
  Blackin' boots for honest tin.

How that tumble crippled you,
  So's you couldn't hyper much —
Joe, it hurted when I seen you
  Fur the first time with your crutch. —
"But," I says, "he's laid up now, mum,
  'Pears to weaken every day;"
Joe, she up and went to cuttin' —
  That's the how of this bokay.

Say! It seems to me, ole feller,
  You is quite yourself to-night;
Kind o' chirk — it's been a fortnit
  Sence yer eyes has been so bright.
Better! Well, I'm glad to hear it!
  Yes; they're mighty pretty, Joe.
Smellin' of 'em made you happy?
  Well, I thought it would, you know.

Never seed the country, did you?
  Flowers growin' everywhere;
Some time, when you're better, Joey,
  Mebbe I can take you there.

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Flowers in heaven? 'M — I s'pose so;
  Dunno much about it, though;
A'nt as fly as wot I might be
  On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heard it hinted somewhere,
  That in heaven's golden gates,
Things is everlasting cheerful —
  B'lieve that's wot the Bible states.
Likewise, there folks don't get hungry;
  So good people, when they dies,
Finds themselves well fixed forever —
  Joe, my boy, wot ails yer eyes?

Thought they looked a little sing'lar.
  Oh, no! Don't you have no fear;
Heaven was made for such as you is —
  Joe, what makes you look so queer?
Here — wake up! Oh, don't look that way!
  Joe! My boy! Hold up yer head!
Here's your flowers — you dropped 'em, Joey —
  Oh, my God! can Joe be dead?

## Fontenoy.

THRICE, at the huts of Fontenoy, the English column failed,
And twice the lines of Saint Antoine the Dutch in vain assailed;

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For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
And well they swept the English ranks, and Dutch auxiliary.
As vainly through De Barri's wood the British soldiers burst,
The French artillery drove them back, diminished and dispersed.
The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!
And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,
Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their head—
Steady they step adown the slope—steady they climb the hill—
Steady they load—steady they fire, moving right onward still,
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,
Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets showering fast;
And on the open plain above they rose, and kept their course,
With ready fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile force;

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Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their ranks—
They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean banks.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round;
As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground;
Bombshell and grape and round-shot tore, still on they marched and fired—
Fast from each volley grenadier and voltigeur retired.
"Push on, my household cavalry!" King Louis madly cried.
To death they rush, but rude their shock—not unavenged they died.
On through the camp the column trod—King Louis turns his rein:
"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops remain."
And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement, and true.

"Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish, there are your Saxon foes!"
The marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he goes!
How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont to be so gay—

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The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their
hearts to-day —
The treaty broken ere the ink wherewith 'twas
writ could dry;
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their
women's parting cry,
Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their
country overthrown —
Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on him
alone.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud
exiles were.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy as, halting, he
commands,
"Fix bayonets — charge!" Like mountain storm
rush on these fiery bands!
Thin is the English column now, and faint their
volleys grow,
Yet, mustering all the strength they have, they
make a gallant show,
They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that
battle-wind —
Their bayonets, the breakers' foam; like rocks, the
men behind!
One volley crashes from their line, when, through
the surging smoke,
With empty guns clutched in their hands the head-
long Irish broke.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza!
"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the
Sassenach!"

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Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang;
Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled with gore;
Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled flags they tore;
The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered, fled —
The green hillside is matted close with dying and with dead;
Across the plain and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand — the field is fought and won!

THOMAS DAVIS.

## From Exile.

PARIS, SEPT. 3, 1879. — A MOTHER SPEAKS.

AH, dear God, when will it be day?
cannot sleep, I cannot pray.
Tossing, I watch the silent stars
Mount up from the horizon bars —
Orion with his flaming sword,
Proud chieftain of the glorious horde;
Auriga up the lofty arch,
Pursuing still his stately march, —

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So patient and so calm are they.
Ah, dear God, when will it be day?

O Mary, Mother! Hark! I hear
A cock-crow through the silence clear!
The dawn's faint crimson streaks the east,
And, afar off, I catch the least
Low murmur of the city's stir
As she shakes off the dreams of her!
List! there's a sound of hurrying feet
Far down below me in the street.
Thank God! the weary night is past —
The morning comes — 'tis day at last.

Wake, Rosalie! Awake, arise!
The sun is up, it gilds the skies.
She does not stir. The young sleep sound
As dead men in their graves profound.
Ho, Rosalie! At last? Now haste!
To-day there is no time to waste.
Bring me fresh water. Braid my hair.
Hand me the glass. Once I was fair
As thou art. Now I look so old!
It seems my death-knell should be tolled.
Ill? No! (I want no wine.) So pale?
Like a white ghost, so wan and frail?
Well, that's not strange. All night I lay
Waiting and watching for the day.
But there! I'll drink it; it may make
My cheeks burn brighter for his sake
Who comes to-day. My boy! my boy!
How can I bear the unwonted joy?
I who for eight long years have wept

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While happier mothers smiling slept;
While other decked their son's first-born
For dance, or fête, or bridal morn;
Or proudly smiled to see them stand
The stateliest pillars of the land!
For he, so gallant and so gay,
As young and debonair as they,
My beautiful, brave boy, my life
Went down in the unequal strife.
The right or wrong? oh, what care I?
The good God judgeth up on high.

And now He gives him back to me!
I tremble so, I scarce can see.
How full the streets are! I will wait
His coming here, beside this gate,
From which I watched him as he went
Eight years ago to banishment.
I will sit down. Speak, Rosalie, when
You see a band of stalwart men
With one fair boy among them — one
With bright hair shining in the sun.
Red smiling lips, and eager eyes
Blue as the blue of summer skies.
My boy! my boy! Why come they not?
O Son of God! hast Thou forgot
Thy Mother's agony? Yet she,
Was she not stronger far than we,
We common mothers? Could she know
From the far heights such pain and woe?
Run farther down the street, and see
If they're not coming, Rosalie.

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Mother of Christ! how lag the hours!
What? Just beyond the convent-towers
And coming straight this way? O heart,
Be still and strong, and bear thy part,
Thy new part, bravely. Hark! I hear
Above the city's hum, the near
Slow tread of marching feet; I see —
Nay, I can *not* see, Rosalie —
Your eyes are younger. Is he there,
My Antoine, with his sunny hair?
It is like gold; it shines in the sun:
Surely you see it? What? Not one —
Not one bright head? All old, old men,
Gray-haired, gray-bearded, gaunt? Then, then —
He has not come — he is ill or dead!
O God! that I were in thy stead,
My son! my son! Who touched me?
Your pardon, sir. I am not she
For whom you look. Go farther on
Ere yet the daylight shall be gone.

"Mother!" Who calls me "mother?" You?
You are not he, my Antoine. You
Are a gray-bearded man, and he
Is a mere boy. You mistake me
For some one else. I'm sorry, sir,
God bless you! Soon you will find her
For whom you seek. But I — ah, I —
Still must I call, and none reply?
You — Kiss me? Antoine? O my son!
Thou art mine own, my banished one!

JULIA C. R. DORR.

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## Berenice.

"If I but touch His garment's hem," she said,
"I shall be healed;" and then her veiled head
The kneeling Berenice in languor drooped
Low in the dust. Behind the Master stooped,
She pressed her pale lips on His tunic's hem.
One kiss — and lo! while all before her swam
(Her eyes star-dazzled, every power in play,
And every ache and ailment cast away,)
With one electric flood of health and life,
And glorious strength, her bounding veins were rife!
"Who," spake a mellow voice above her, — "who
Hath touched me?" Piercing the vast crowd through,
A tongue made answer, "Lo! the people now
Throng Thee and press on Thee, O Lord! and Thou
Wouldst know who touched Thee?" Sweeter still and low,
The golden voice: "I feel the virtue go
Forth from me even now; therefore I know
By that same token, some one touches me."
Then Berenice crept forward tremblingly,
And with a worshipful and bashful trust,
Laid down her glowing forehead in the dust,
And whispered, "It was I, poor Berenice;"
And the voice answered, rich and tremulous,
"Daughter, thy faith hath healed thee, — go in peace."

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Slow-stepped and lingering, as Eve of yore
Went forth from Paradise; for evermore
Turning to look upon that Face sublime,
Whose majesty the meanest might adore,
Whose loveliness should haunt her through all time,
Went Berenice. The breathless multitude
(Thronging the way to where the Master stood:
Scaling the trees, and mounting, thick and fast,
Upon each other's shoulders) struggled past,
A living wall about Him; till, at last,
She saw His face no more, but onward sped,
Glad as a vision from the blessed dead,
To the old castle near Jerusalem,
Where dwelt her brothers. There alone with them,
She many months abode, and wrought and prayed,
And through the house a ceaseless sunshine made.
— But often in the night she rose and said,
"I am unworthy!" then beside her bed
Knelt with her hands before her eyes; and then
Leaned from her lattice at the dawn, again
Crying, "I am unworthy!" Through the mist,
Seeing but One: and from the amethyst
Of moonlit hollows hearing but one sound, —
The voice of Him who, pitiful, had crowned
Her life with healing.

Then she secret wept,
And yearned to see Him once again; while leapt
A glory to her lips: "Would they might touch
Once more His sacred feet! Alas, for such
As me that boon were not. Poor Berenice!
Spake He not thus: 'My daughter, go in peace'?"

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So, many a night, this mourner battled strong,
Tearful and passionate, at the dawn to rise,
Smoothing her ruffled tresses from her eyes,
To hide her sorrows 'neath a spinning song,
And all the day, in work, her woe disguise.

Until there came an hour when the street
Under her window trembled 'neath the feet
Of many passers: curses, shouts, and screams
Waking the sluggish from their morning dreams;
And all the rabble, all the brutal mob,
Of the great city swarming there.
A throb,
As if her heart would burst, — a deadly chill
Freezing her blood, — and Berenice looks down
Upon a pinioned Man who wears a crown
Of cruel thorns, whence many a bloody rill
Runs down His pallid face; His shoulders bowed
Under a weighty cross, and all the crowd
Goading Him forward with a desperate will.

Dream of her night, and vision of her day!
Was He to come at last this dolorous way?
His face with tangled tresses, blood-besprent,
His flowing beard defiled, His garments rent;
The broad chest heaving with the ponderous load,
And every step a blood-print on the road, —
Was He to come at last this dolorous way?
Crying no more, "I am unworthy!" lo!
She stretches forth her arms, and murmurs slow —
"O Love! sweet Lord! my place is at Thy feet!"
And straightway slips into the angry street.

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No gentle fellowship for such as she, —
The oaths and clamors of the mob increase:
But through the midst the Lady Berenice
Goeth unharmed; the brutal soldiery
Checking their victim, as on bended knee
Before Him in the dust the lady bows,
Pouring the fondest kisses on His feet,
And piteous tears; the while her fingers fleet
Unbind the veil of linen from her brows.
A moonlight smile, pathetically sweet,
Out of His languid eyes is seen to shine, —
And reaching forth, the Sufferer divine
Receives the linen from her trembling hand,
And puts it to His bleeding face; so grand
In all His sacred helplessness, that none
Dare lift a finger till the deed is done.
Then on the folded palms of Berenice,
With that same tender smile of wordless peace,
He lays it down. The crowd press shouting on;
And from her stupor, like a frighted fawn,
The lady wakes to see upon her veil,
In bloody print, the thorn-crowned head and pale
*Of Him who to His cruel death has gone.*

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY: *Out of Sweet Solitude.*

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## The First Te Deum.

'TWAS Easter night in Milan, and before
The altar in the great Basilica
St. Ambrose stood. At the baptismal font
Kneeled a young neophyte, his brow still wet

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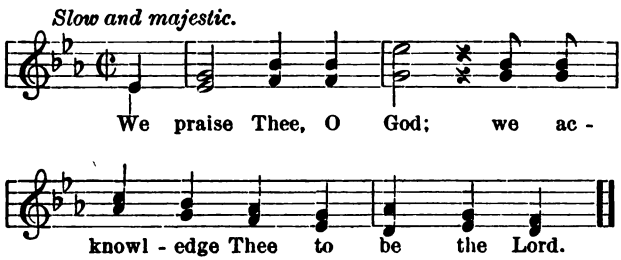
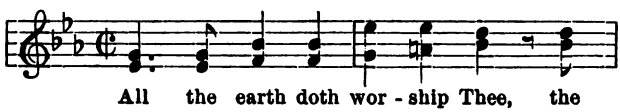
With the symbolic water, and near by —
The holy Monica, her raised eyes strained
As with unearthly ecstasy she breathed
Her *Nunc dimittis Domine!* The words
Of comfort spoken, "Be sure the child for whom
Thy mother-heart hath poured so many prayers,
Shall not be lost," had full accomplishment,
And her tired heart found peace.
St. Ambrose raised
His hands to heaven, and on his face there shone
Such light as glorified the prophet's when
An angel from the altar bare a coal
And touched his lips. With solemn step and slow
He turned to meet Augustine as he rose
Up from the pavement, and thereon he brake
Forth in ascriptive chant:




Augustine on the instant caught the tone
Of answering exultation:

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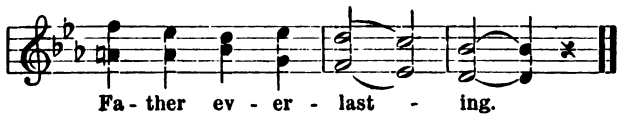
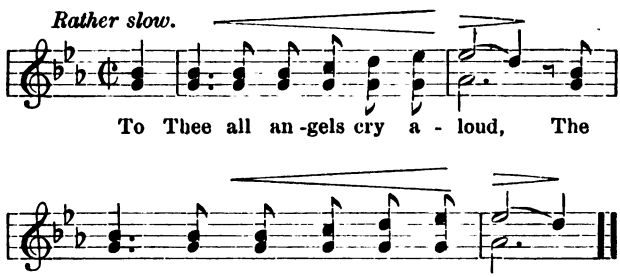
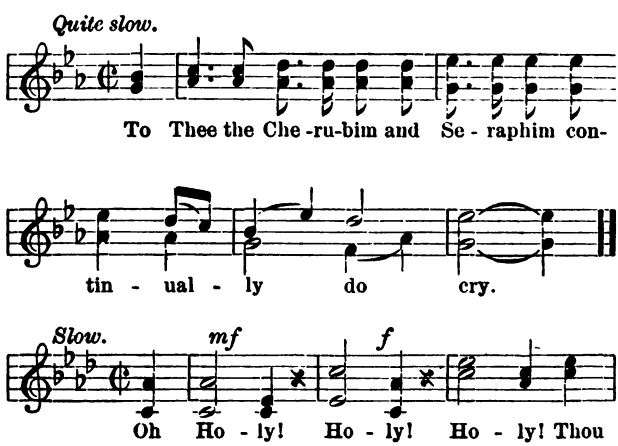



And from the altar-rail came back again
The antiphony:




And from the font

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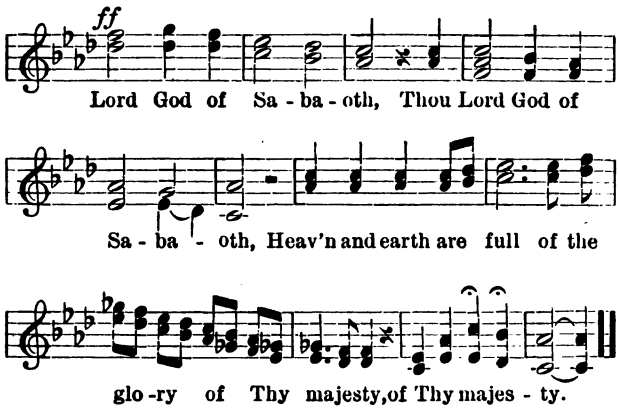
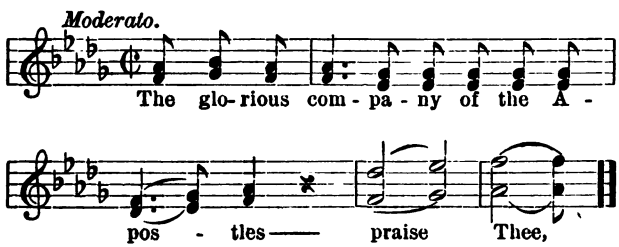
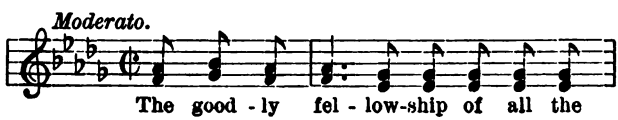



And then
With upward gaze, as if he looked upon
The infinite multitude about the throne,
St. Ambrose uttered with triumphant voice,




Burst reverent from Augustine's lips.

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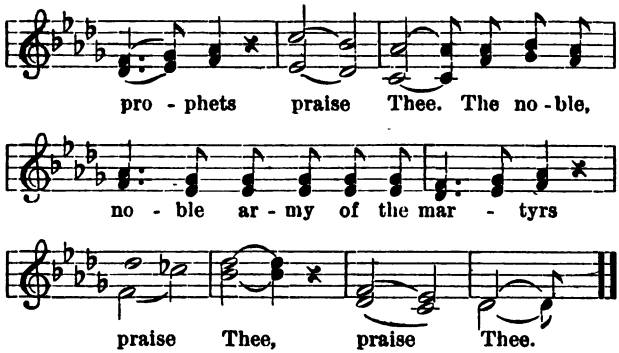
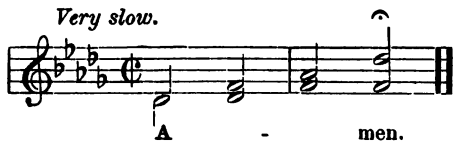



Thus back and forth responsive rolled
The grand antiphonal, until the crowd
That kneeled throughout the vast Basilica
Rose to their feet, and toward the altar pressed,
With one strong impulse drawn. The breath of God
Had, to their thought, inspired these mortal tongues
To which they listened, as beneath a spell
Vatic and wonderful.
And when the last
Response was reached, and the rapt speakers stood
With eyelids closed, — as those who had seen God
And could not brook at once a mortal face, —
Awe-struck the people bowed their heads and wept;
Then uttered with acclaim one long




MARGARET J. PRESTON.

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## Carcassonne.

"How old I am! I'm eighty years!
  I've worked both hard and long;
Yet patient as my life has been,
One dearest sight I have not seen.
  It almost seems a wrong.
A dream I had when life was new, —
Alas! our dreams, they come not true, —
I thought to see fair Carcassonne,
That lovely city, Carcassonne.

"One sees it dimly from the height,
  Beyond the mountain's blue.
Fain would I walk five weary leagues, —
I do not mind the road's fatigues, —
  Through morn and evening's dew.
But bitter frost would fall at night;
And on the grapes — that yellow blight!
I could not go to Carcassonne.
I never went to Carcassonne.

"They say it is as gay all times
  As holidays at home.
The Gentles ride in gay attire,
And in the sun each gilded spire
  Shoots up like those of Rome.
The bishop the procession leads,
The generals curb their prancing steeds.
Alas! I know not Carcassonne.
Alas! I saw not Carcassonne.

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"Our vicar's right! He preaches loud,
And bids us to beware.
He says, 'Oh, guard the weakest part,
And most the traitor in the heart,
Against ambition's snare.'
Perhaps in autumn I can find
Two sunny days with gentle wind.
I then could go to Carcassonne.
I still could go to Carcassonne.

"My God, my Father! pardon me,
If this my wish offends.
One sees some hope than his more high,
In age, as in his infancy,
To which his heart ascends.
My wife, my son, have seen Narbonne,
My grandson went to Perpignan,
But I have not seen Carcassonne.
But I have not seen Carcassonne."

Thus sighed a peasant bent with age,
Half dreaming in his chair.
I said, "My friend, come, go with me
To-morrow; then thine eyes shall see
Those streets that seem so fair."
That night there came, for passing soul,
The church-bell's low and solemn toll.
He never saw gay Carcassonne.
Who has not known a Carcassonne?

GUSTAV NADAUD.

*Translated by* M. E. W. SHERWOOD.

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## The Wine-Cup.

LYCIUS, the Cretan prince, of race divine,
Like many a royal youth was fond of wine;
So, when his father died and left him king,
He spent his days and nights in revelling.
Show him a wine-cup, he would soon lay down
His sceptre, and for roses change his crown,
Neglectful of his people and his state,
The noble cares that make a monarch great.
One day in summer, — so the story goes, —
Among his seeming friends, but secret foes,
He sat, and drained the wine-cup, when there came
A gray-haired man, and called him by his name,
"Lycius!" It was his tutor, Philocles,
Who held him when a child upon his knees.
"Lycius," the old man said, "it suits not you
To waste your life among this drunken crew.
Bethink you of your sire, and how he died
For that bright sceptre lying by your side,
And of the blood your loving people shed,
To keep that golden circlet on your head.
Ah! how have you repaid them?" — "Philocles,"
The prince replied, "what idle words are these?
I loved my father, and I mourned his fate;
But death must come to all men, soon or late.
Could we recall our dear ones from their urn,
Just as they lived and loved, 'twere well to mourn;
But since we cannot, let us smile instead:
I hold the living better than the dead.

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My father reigned and died, I live and reign.
As for my people, why should they complain?
Have I not ended all their deadly wars,
Bound up their wounds, and honored their old scars?
They bleed no more; enough for me and mine,
The blood o' th' grape, — the ripe, the royal wine.
Slaves, fill my cup again!" They filled, and crowned
His brow with roses, but the old man frowned.
"Lycius," he said once more, "the State demands
Something besides the wine-cup in your hands.
Resume your crown and sceptre, be not blind:
Kings live not for themselves, but for mankind."
"Good Philocles," the shamèd prince replied,
His soft eye lighting with a flash of pride,
"Your wisdom has forgotten one small thing, —
I am no more your pupil, but your king.
Kings are in place of gods; remember, then,
They answer to the gods, and not to men."
"Hear, then, the gods who speak to-day through me
The sad but certain words of prophecy: —
'Touch not the cup: small sins in kings are great;
Be wise in time, nor further tempt your fate.'"
"Old man, there is no fate, save that which lies
In our own hands, that shapes our destinies:
It is a dream. If I should will and do
A deed of ill, no good could thence ensue;
And willing goodness, shall not goodness be
Sovereign, like ill, to save herself and me?
I laugh at fate." The wise man shook his head.
"Remember what the oracles have said, —

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'What most he loves, who rules this Cretan land,
Shall perish by the wine-cup in his hand.'"
"Prophet of ill! no more, or you shall die!
See how my deeds shall give your words the lie,
And baffle fate, and all who hate me — so!"
Sheer through the casement, in the court below,
He dashed the half-drained goblet in disdain,
That scattered as it flew a bloody rain.
His courtiers laughed. But now a woman's shriek
Rose terrible without, and blanched his cheek.
He hurried to the casement in a fright,
And lo! his eyes were blasted with a sight
Too pitiful to think of — death was there,
And wringing hands, and madness, and despair.
There stood a nurse, and on her bosom lay
A dying child, whose life-blood streamed away,
Reddening its robe like wine! It was his own,
His son, the prince that should have filled the throne,
When he was dead, and ruled the Cretan land, —
Slain by the wine-cup from his father's hand!

## The Painter of Seville.

**Sebastian Gomez, better known by the name of the Mulatto of Murillo, was one of the most celebrated painters of Spain. There may yet be seen in the churches of Seville the celebrated picture which he was found painting, by his master, a St. Anne, and a St. Joseph, which are extremely beautiful, and others of the highest merit. The incident related occurred about the year 1630.**

'TWAS morning in Seville; and brightly beamed
The early sunlight in one chamber there;
Showing, where'er its glowing radiance gleamed,
Rich, varied beauty. 'Twas the study where

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Murillo, the famed painter, came to share
With young aspirants his long-cherished art,
To prove how vain must be the teacher's care,
Who strives his unbought knowledge to impart,
The language of the soul, the feeling of the heart.

The pupils came, and glancing round,
Mendez upon his canvas found,
Not his own work of yesterday,
But, glowing in the morning ray,
A sketch so rich, so pure, so bright,
It almost seemed that there were given,
To glow before his dazzled sight,
Tints and expressions warm from heaven.

'Twas but a sketch, — the Virgin's head, —
Yet was unearthly beauty shed
Upon the mildly beaming face.
The lip, the eye, the flowing hair,
Had separate yet blended grace, —
A poet's brightest dream was there!

Murillo entered, and amazed
On the mysterious painting gazed.
"Whose work is this? Speak, tell me! He
Who to his aid such power can call,"
Exclaimed the teacher eagerly,
"Will yet be master of us all.
Would I had done it! — Ferdinand!
Isturitz! Mendez! Say, whose hand
Among ye all?" With half-breathed sigh,
Each pupil answered, "'Twas not I."

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"How came it, then?" impatiently
Murillo cried. "But we shall see,
Ere long, into this mystery.
Sebastian!"

At the summons came
A bright-eyed slave,
Who trembled at the stern rebuke
His master gave.

For, ordered in that room to sleep,
And faithful guard o'er all to keep,
Murillo bade him now declare
What rash intruder had been there;
And threatened, — if he did not tell
The truth at once, — the dungeon-cell.
"Thou answerest not," Murillo said.
(The boy had stood in speechless fear.)
"Speak on!" At last he raised his head,
And murmured, "No one has been here."
"'Tis false!" Sebastian bent his knee,
And clasped his hands imploringly,
And said, "I swear it, none but me."

"List," said his master. "I would know
Who enters here. There have been found
Before, rough sketches strewn around,
By whose bold hand, 'tis yours to show.
See that to-night strict watch you keep,
Nor dare to close your eyes in sleep.
If on to-morrow morn you fail
To answer what I ask,

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The lash shall force you — do you hear?
Hence! to your daily task."

. . . . . .

'Twas midnight in Seville; and faintly shone
From one small lamp, a dim, uncertain ray,
Within Murillo's study. All were gone,
Who there, in pleasant tasks, or converse gay,
Passed cheerfully the morning hours away.
'Twas shadowy gloom, and breathless silence, save,
That to sad thoughts and torturing fear a prey,
One bright-eyed boy was there, Murillo's little slave.

Almost a child — that boy had seen
Not thrice five summers yet;
But genius marked the lofty brow,
O'er which his locks of jet
Profusely curled. His cheek's dark hue
Proclaimed the warm blood flowing through
Each throbbing vein, a mingled tide,
To Africa and Spain allied.

"Alas! what fate is mine!" he said.
"The lash, if I refuse to tell
Who sketched those figures. If I do,
Perhaps e'en more — the dungeon-cell!"
He breathed a prayer to Heaven for aid.
It came; for soon in slumber laid,
He slept, until the dawning day
Shed on his humble couch its ray.

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"I'll sleep no more!" he cried; "and now
  Three hours of freedom I may gain,
Before my master comes; for then
  I shall be but a slave again.
Three blessed hours of freedom! how
Shall I employ them?—ah! e'en now
The figure on that canvas traced
Must be — yes, it must be effaced."

He seized a brush — the morning light
  Gave to the head a softened glow;
Gazing enraptured on the sight,
  He cried, "Shall I efface it?—No!
That breathing lip! that beaming eye,
Efface them?—I would rather die!"
The terror of the humble slave
  Gave place to the o'erpowering flow
Of the high feelings Nature gave—
  Which only gifted spirits know.

He touched the brow—the lip—it seemed
  His pencil had some magic power;
The eye with deeper feeling beamed—
  Sebastian then forgot the hour!
Forgot his master, and the threat
  Of punishment still hanging o'er him;
For, with each touch, new beauties met
  And mingled in the face before him.

At length 'twas finished; rapturously
He gazed—could aught more beauteous be?—

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Awhile absorbed, entranced he stood,
Then started—horror chilled his blood!
His master and the pupils all
  Were there, e'en at his side!
The terror-stricken slave was mute—
  Mercy would be denied,
E'en could he ask it—so he deemed,
And the poor boy half lifeless seemed.

Speechless, bewildered—for a space
They gazed upon that perfect face,
  Each with an artist's joy;
At length Murillo silence broke,
And with affected sternness spoke—
  "Who is your master, boy?"
"You, señor," said the trembling slave.
"Nay, who, I mean, instruction gave,
Before that Virgin's head you drew?"
Again he answered, "Only you."
"I gave you none," Murillo cried!
"But I have heard," the boy replied,
  "What you to others said."
"And more than heard," in kinder tone,
The painter said; "'tis plainly shown
  That you have profited."

"What" (to his pupils) "is his meed?
  Reward or punishment?"
"Reward, reward!" they warmly cried.
  (Sebastian's ear was bent
To catch the sounds he scarce believed,
But with imploring look received.)

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"What shall it be?" They spoke of gold
  And of a splendid dress;
But still unmoved Sebastian stood,
  Silent and motionless.

"Speak!" said Murillo kindly; "choose
  Your own reward—what shall it be?
Name what you wish, I'll not refuse:
  Then speak at once and fearlessly."
"Oh! if I dared!"—Sebastian knelt,
  And feelings he could not control
(But feared to utter even then)
  With strong emotion shook his soul.

"Courage!" his master said, and each
Essayed, in kind, half-whispered speech,
To soothe his overpowering dread.
He scarcely heard, till some one said,
"Sebastian—ask—you have your choice,
  Ask for your *freedom!*" At the word,
The suppliant strove to raise his voice:
  At first but stifled sobs were heard,
And then his prayer—breathed fervently—
"O master! make my *father* free!"

"Him and thyself, my noble boy!"
  Warmly the painter cried;
Raising Sebastian to his feet,
  He pressed him to his side.
"Thy talents rare, and filial love,
  E'en more have fairly won;
Still be thou mine by other bonds—
  My pupil and my son."

SUSAN WILSON.

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## The Healing of the Daughter of Jairus.

FRESHLY the cool breath of the coming eve
Stole through the lattice, and the dying girl
Felt it upon her forehead. She had lain
Since the hot noontide, in a breathless trance;
Her thin, pale fingers clasped within the hand
Of the heart-broken Ruler, and her breast,
Like the dead marble, white and motionless.
The shadow of a leaf lay on her lips,
And as it stirred with the awakening wind,
The dark lids lifted from her languid eyes,
And her slight fingers moved, and heavily
She turned upon her pillow. He was there —
The same loved, tireless watcher; and she looked
Into his face until her sight grew dim
With the fast-falling tears; and, with a sigh
Of tremulous weakness, murmuring his name,
She gently drew his hand upon her lips,
And kissed it as she wept. The old man sunk
Upon his knees, and in the drapery
Of the rich curtains buried up his face —
And when the twilight fell, the silken folds
Stirred with his prayer, but the slight hand he held
Had ceased its pressure, and he could not hear
In the dead, utter silence, that a breath
Came through her nostrils, and her temples gave
To his nice touch no pulse, and at her mouth
He held the lightest curl that on her neck
Lay with a mocking beauty; and his gaze
Ached with its deathly stillness.

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. . . It was night —
And softly o'er the Sea of Galilee
Danced the breeze-ridden ripples to the shore,
Tipped with the silver sparkles of the moon.
The breaking waves played low upon the beach
Their constant music, but the air beside
Was still as starlight, and the Saviour's voice,
In its rich cadences unearthly sweet,
Seemed like some just-born harmony in the air,
Waked by the power of Wisdom. On a rock,
With the broad moonlight falling on his brow,
He stood and taught the people. At his feet
Lay his small scrip, and pilgrim's scallop-shell
And staff, for they had waited by the sea
Till he came o'er from Gadarene, and prayed
For his wont teachings as he came to land.
His hair was parted meekly on his brow,
And the long curls from off his shoulders fell
As he leaned forward earnestly; and still
The same calm cadence, passionless and deep,
And in his looks the same mild majesty,
And in his mien the sadness mixed with power,
Filled them with love and wonder. Suddenly,
As on his words entrancedly they hung,
The crowd divided, and among them stood
JAIRUS THE RULER. With his flowing robe
Gathered in haste about his loins, he came
And fixed his eyes on Jesus. Closer drew
The twelve disciples to their Master's side,
And silently the people shrunk away,
And left the haughty Ruler in the midst,
Alone. A moment longer on the face

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Of the meek Nazarene he kept his gaze,
And as the twelve looked on him, by the light
Of the clear moon they saw a glistening tear
Steal to his silver beard, and drawing nigh
Unto the Saviour's feet, he took the hem
Of his coarse mantle, and with trembling hand
Pressed it upon his lips, and murmured low,
"*Master! my daughter!*" . . .

. . . The same silvery light,
That shone upon the lone rock by the sea,
Slept on the Ruler's lofty capitals,
As at the door he stood, and welcomed in
Jesus and his disciples. All was still.
The echoing vestibule gave back the slide
Of their loose sandals, and the arrowy beam
Of moonlight, slanting to the marble floor,
Lay like a spell of silence in the room,
As Jairus led them on. With hushing steps
He trod the winding stair; but ere he touched
The latchet, from within a whisper came,
"*Trouble the Master not—for she is dead!*"
And his faint hand fell nerveless at his side,
And his steps faltered, and his broken voice
Choked in his utterance;—but a gentle hand
Was laid upon his arm, and in his ear
The Saviour's voice sank thrillingly and low,
"*She is not dead—but sleepeth!*"

They passed in.
The spice-lamps in the alabaster urns
Burned dimly, and the white and fragrant smoke

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Curled indolently on the chamber walls.
The silken curtains slumbered in their folds—
Not even a tassel stirring in the air —
And as the Saviour stood beside the bed,
And prayed inaudibly, the Ruler heard
The quickening division of His breath
As He grew earnest inwardly. There came
A gradual brightness o'er His calm, sad face;
And, drawing nearer to the bed, He moved
The silken curtains silently apart,
And looked upon the maiden.

Like a form
Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she lay —
The linen vesture folded on her breast,
And over it, her white transparent hands,
The blood still rosy in their tapering nails.
A line of pearls ran through her parted lips,
And in her nostrils spiritually thin,
The breathing curve was mockingly like life;
And round beneath the faintly tinted skin
Ran the light branches of the azure veins;
And on her cheek the jet lash overlay,
Matching the arches pencilled on her brow.
Her hair had been unbound, and falling loose
Upon her pillow, hid her small round ears
In curls of glossy blackness, and about
Her polished neck, scarce touching it, they hung,
Like airy shadows floating as they slept.
'Twas heavenly beautiful. The Saviour raised
Her hand from off her bosom, and spread out
The snowy fingers in His palm, and said,

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"*Maiden! Arise!*" — and suddenly a flush
Shot o'er her forehead, and along her lips
And through her cheek the rallied color ran;
And the still outline of her graceful form
Stirred in the linen vesture; and she clasped
The Saviour's hand, and fixing her dark eyes
Full on his beaming countenance — *Arose.*

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

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## The Bells of Shandon.

WITH deep affection and recollection,
I often think of those Shandon bells;
Whose sound so wild would in days of childhood
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

On this I ponder where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music spoke naught like thine;

For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

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I've heard bells tolling old Adrian's Mole in,
  Their thunder rolling from the Vatican;
And cymbals glorious swinging uproarious,
  In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame.

But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
  Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
Oh, the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
  The pleasant waters of the River Lee!

There's a bell in Moscow; while on tower and kiosk O
  In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air calls men to prayer,
  From the tapering summits of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom I freely grant them,
  But there's an anthem more dear to me,
'Tis the bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on
  The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

REV. FRANCIS MAHONY (FATHER PROUT).

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## The Organist.

A RECORD OF PURITAN PERSECUTION.

GAVE the general the decree —
"Captain, take thy company,
And smite those priests. Let none go free.

"Smite them — let them know the death;
Them that with perfidious breath
Perjure Christ of Nazareth."

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Low his head the captain bent,
And with prompt obedience went
With his ready armament.

Soon, successful in his search,
Halting at the sacred porch,
Sounds his summons through the church.

And for answer comes the swell
Of the sacramental bell
At the Mass's miracle.

Once again the mandate's given:
"Open, ere your doors in-driven
Warn you of offended Heaven!"

Silence follows for a spell—
Then, again, the silver bell
Solemnly repeats its knell.

Wide the doors are flung, and pace
In the soldiers, and each face
Disdainful of the rite and place.

At the altar stands the priest—
Holds aloft the Eucharist;
Fear is far from him at least!

Round him kneel the worshippers
With bowed heads, but no one stirs;
Christ is present—that deters.

Speaks the captain with a frown:—
"Guards, advance, and cleave him down
With the sword of Gideon!

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"Tear his tawdry robes away!
Strangle him — in some way slay;
Trample the vile wretch to clay!"

Quick the priest, ere aught prevents,
Consumes the sacred elements,
And, conquering, unto death consents.

Fly the others as they can,
All but the gray-haired sacristan;
Death in prayer best finds a man.

Slain are sacristan and priest,
But o'erhead the organist,
With undaunted zeal possest,

Strains the mighty instrument
Of his art to its full vent,
Summoning vengeance vehement.

"Cease thy clamor, Papist slave!"
Cries the captain. Louder stave
Thunders forth the minstrel brave.

"Seize him, soldiers! drag him thence,
Let him find the recompense
Of his lawless insolence!"

Suddenly subsides the theme
To a gentleness extreme,
Mournful now as requiem.

And the master's voice is blent
Softly with his instrument
In "Agnus Dei" penitent.

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While the soldiery repair
To the choir, and stair by stair
Clank their steps like death-knells there.

Ever growing on the ear,
Gains in force the strain. They hear
"Dona nobis pacem" clear.

Now a silence suddenly—
Now a voice with valiant cry—
"God, Thy minstrel too can die!"

Now a lifeless form they raise
From the marble floor. Give praise
To them who nobly crown their days.

*Merry England.*

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## Stabat Mater.

At the cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
  Close to Jesus to the last:

Through her heart His sorrow sharing,
All His bitter anguish bearing,
  Now at length the sword had passed.

Oh, how sad and sore distressed
Was that Mother highly blest
  Of the sole-begotten One!

Christ above in torment hangs;
She beneath beholds the pangs
  Of her dying, glorious Son.

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Is there one who would not weep,
Whelmed in miseries so deep,
  Christ's dear Mother to behold?

Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain,
  In that Mother's pain untold?

Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
She beheld her tender Child
  All with bloody scourges rent;

For the sins of His own nation,
Saw Him hang in desolation,
  Till His spirit forth He sent.

O thou Mother! fount of love!
Touch my spirit from above,
  Make my heart with thine accord:

Make me feel as thou hast felt:
Make my soul to glow and melt
  With the love of Christ my Lord.

Holy Mother! pierce me through;
In my heart each wound renew
  Of my Saviour crucified;

Let me share with thee His pain,
Who for all my sins was slain,
  Who for me in torments died.

Let me mingle tears with thee,
Mourning Him who mourned for me,
  All the days that I may live:

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By the Cross with thee to stay,
There with thee to weep and pray,
  Is all I ask of thee to give.

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## A Legend of Bregenz.

GIRT round with rugged mountains,
  The fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected
  Shine back the starry skies;
And, watching each white cloudlet
  Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of heaven
  Lies on our earth below.

Midnight is there; and silence,
  Enthroned in heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
  Upon a sleeping town;
For Bregenz, that quaint city
  Upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance
  A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers,
  From off their rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadow
  For ages on the deep.
Mountain and lake and valley
  A sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved, one night,
  Three hundred years ago.

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Far from her home and kindred,
  A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
  And toil for daily bread;
And every year that fleeted
  So silently and fast,
Seemed to bear farther from her
  The memory of the past.

She served kind, gentle masters,
  Nor asked for rest or change.
Her friends seemed no more new ones,
  Their speech seemed no more strange;
And when she led her cattle
  To pasture every day,
She ceased to look, and wonder
  On which side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz,
  With longing and with tears;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded
  In a deep mist of years.
She heeded not the rumors
  Of Austrian war and strife;
Each day she rose, contented,
  To the calm toils of life.

And so she dwelt: the valley
  More peaceful year by year;
When suddenly strange portents
  Of some great deed seemed near.
The golden corn was bending
  Upon its fragile stalk,

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While farmers, heedless of their fields,
  Paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered,
  With looks cast on the ground;
With anxious faces, one by one,
  The women gathered round.
All talk of flax, or spinning,
  Or work, was put away;
The very children seemed afraid
  To go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow,
  With strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing,
  The men walked up and down;
Yet, now and then, seemed watching
  A strange, uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees,
  That stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled,
  Then care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted;
  The board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village
  Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall
  Of an accursed land!

"The night is growing darker;
  Ere one more day is flown,

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Bregenz, our foemen's stronghold,
  Bregenz shall be our own!"
The women shrank in terror,
  (Yet pride, too, had her part,)
But one poor Tyrol maiden
  Felt death within her heart.

Before her stood fair Bregenz.
  Once more her towers arose.
What were the friends beside her?
  Only her country's foes!
The faces of her kinsfolk,
  The days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains,
  Reclaimed her as their own.

Nothing she heard around her,
  (Though shouts rang forth again,)
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
  The pasture, and the plain;
Before her eyes one vision,
  And in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz,
  And then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless,
  With noiseless step, she sped;
Horses and weary cattle
  Were standing in the shed;
She loosed the strong, white charger,
  That fed from out her hand,
She mounted, and she turned his head
  Toward her native land.

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Out — out into the darkness —
  Faster, and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her,
  The chestnut wood is past;
She looks up; clouds are heavy;
  Why is her steed so slow? —
Scarcely the wind beside them
  Can pass them as they go.

"Faster!" she cries, "O faster!"
  Eleven the church-bells chime:
"O God," she cries, "help Bregenz,
  And bring me there in time!"
But louder than bells' ringing,
  Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
  The rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters
  Their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror, —
  She leans upon his neck
To watch the flowing darkness;
  The bank is high and steep;
One pause — he staggers forward,
  And plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness,
  And looser throws the rein;
Her steed must breast the waters
  That dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly,
  He struggles through the foam!

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And see — in the far distance
  Shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep bank he bears her,
  And now they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz,
  That tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz
  Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier
  To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight
  Her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army
  That marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic
  Should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor
  The noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished,
  And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises,
  To do her honor still.
And there, when Bregenz women
  Sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving
  The Charger and the Maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz,
  By gateway, street, and tower,

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The warder paces all night long
And calls each passing hour;
"Nine," "Ten," "Eleven," he cries aloud,
And then (O crown of Fame!)
When midnight pauses in the skies,
He calls the maiden's name!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

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## The Diver.

"OH, where is the knight or the squire so bold,
As to dive to the howling Charybdis below?
I cast in the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
And o'er it already the dark waters flow;
Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king."

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
That, rugged and hoary, hung over the verge
Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,
Swirled into the maëlstrom that maddened the surge.
"And where is the diver so stout to go,
I ask ye again — to the deep below?"

And the knights and the squires that gathered around,
Stood silent — and fixed on the ocean their eyes:
They looked on the dismal and savage profound,
And the peril chilled back every thought of the prize.

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And thrice spoke the monarch, "The cup to win,
Is there never a wight who will venture in?"

And all as before heard in silence the king—
Till a youth with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
'Mid the tremulous squires—stept out from the ring,
Unbuckling his girdle, and doffing his mantle;
And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave
One glance on the gulf of that merciless main,
Lo! the wave that forever devours the wave,
Casts roaringly up the Charybdis again:
And as with the swell of the far thunder boom,
Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending.

Yet, at length, comes a lull o'er the mighty commotion,
And dark through the whiteness, and still through the swell,

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The whirlpool cleaves downward and downward in ocean,
A yawning abyss, like the pathway to hell;
The stiller and darker the farther it goes,
Sucked into that smoothness the breakers repose.

The youth gave his trust to his Maker. Before
That path through the riven abyss closed again,
Hark! a shriek from the gazers that circle the shore, —
And, behold! he is whirled in the grasp of the main!
And o'er him the breakers mysteriously rolled,
And the giant mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

All was still on the height, save the murmur that went
From the grave of the deep, sounding hollow and fell,
Or save when the tremulous sighing lament
Thrilled from lip unto lip, "Gallant youth, fare thee well!"
More hollow and more wails the deep on the ear,
More dread and more dread grows suspense in its fear.

If thou shouldst in those waters thy diadem fling,
And cry, "Who may find it shall win it and wear;"
God wot, though the prize were the crown of a king,
A crown at such hazard were valued too dear.

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For never shall lips of the living reveal
What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.

But lo! from the heart of that far-floating gloom,
Like the wing of the cygnet — what gleams on the sea?
Lo! an arm and a neck glancing up from the tomb!
Steering stalwart and shoreward; O joy, it is he!
The left hand is lifted in triumph; behold,
It waves as a trophy the goblet of gold!

And he breathèd deep, and he breathèd long,
And he greeted the heavenly light of the day.
They gaze on each other — they shout as they throng —
"He lives — lo, the ocean has rendered its prey!
And safe from the whirlpool, and free from the grave,
Comes back to the daylight the soul of the brave!"

And he comes, with the crowd in their clamor and glee;
And the goblet his daring has won from the water
He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee;
And the king from her maidens has beckoned his daughter.
She pours to the boy the bright wine which they bring,
And thus spoke the diver — "Long life to the king!

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"Happy they whom the rose-hues of daylight rejoice,
The air and the sky that to mortals are given!
May the horror below nevermore find a voice,
Nor man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven!
Nevermore — nevermore may he lift from the sight
The veil which is woven with Terror and Night!

"Quick brightening like lightning the ocean rushed o'er me,
Wild floating, borne down fathom-deep from the day;
Till a torrent rushed out on the torrents that bore me,
And doubled the tempest that whirled me away.
Vain, vain was my struggle — the circle had won me,
Round and round in its dance the mad elements spun me.

"From the deep then I called upon God — and He heard me,
In the dread of my need, He vouchsafed to mine eye
A rock jutting out from the grave that interred me;
I sprung there, I clung there — and Death passed me by.
And, lo! where the goblet gleamed through the abyss,
By a coral reef, saved from the far fathomless.

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"There I hung; and the awe gathered icily o'er me,
So far from the earth, where man's help there was none!
The one human thing, with the goblins before me —
Alone — in a loneness so ghastly — alone!
Deep under the reach of the sweet living breath,
And begirt with the broods of the desert of Death.

"Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now
It saw — a dread hundred-limbed creature — its prey!
And darted, devouring; I sprang from the bough
Of the coral, and swept on the horrible way;
And the whirl of the mighty wave seized me once more, —
It seized me to save me, and dash to the shore."

On the youth gazed the monarch, and marvelled; quoth he,
"Bold diver, the goblet I promised is thine;
And this ring will I give, a fresh guerdon to thee —
Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine —
If thou'lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,
To say what lies hid in the *innermost* main."

Then out spake the daughter in tender emotion,
"Ah! father, my father, what more can there rest?
Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean.
He has served thee as none would, thyself hast confest.

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If nothing can slake thy wild thirst of desire,
Let thy knights put to shame the exploit of the
squire!"

The king seized the goblet, he swung it on high,
And whirling it fell in the roar of the tide;
"But bring back that goblet again to my eye,
And I'll hold thee the dearest that rides by my
side;
And thy arms shall embrace as thy bride, I decree,
The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee."

In his heart as he listened, there leaped the wild
joy —
And the hope and the love through his eyes
spoke in fire —
On that bloom, on that blush, gazed, delighted,
the boy;
The maiden she faints at the feet of her sire!
Here the guerdon divine, there the danger beneath;
He resolves! — To the strife with the life and the
death!

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their
swell,
Their coming the thunder-sound heralds along!
Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell.
They come, the wild waters, in tumult and
throng,
Roaring up to the cliff — roaring back as before.
But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the
shore!

SCHILLER.

Digitized by Google

## Hagar in the Wilderness.

THE morning broke. Light stole upon the clouds
With a strange beauty. Earth received again
Its garment of a thousand dyes; and leaves,
And delicate blossoms, and the painted flowers,
And every thing that bendeth to the dew,
And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up
Its beauty to the breath of that sweet morn.

All things are dark to sorrow; and the light
And loveliness and fragrant air were sad
To the dejected Hagar. The moist earth
Was pouring odors from its spicy pores,
And the young birds were singing, as if life
Were a new thing to them; but music came
Upon her ear like discord, and she felt
That pang of the unreasonable heart,
That, bleeding amid things it loved so well,
Would have some sign of sadness as they pass.
She stood at Abraham's tent. Her lips were pressed,
Till the blood started; and the wandering veins
Of her transparent forehead were swelled out,
As if her pride would burst them. Her dark eye
Was clear and tearless, and the light of heaven,
Which made its language legible, shot back
From her long lashes, as it had been flame.

Her noble boy stood by her, with his hand
Clasped in her own, and his round, delicate feet,

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Scarce trained to balance on the tented floor,
Sandalled for journeying. He had looked up
Into his mother's face, until he caught
The spirit there, and his young heart was swelling
Beneath his dimpled bosom, and his form
Straightened up proudly in his tiny wrath,
As if his light proportions would have swelled,
Had they but matched his spirit, to the man.

Why bends the patriarch as he cometh now
Upon his staff so wearily? His beard
Is low upon his breast, and his high brow,
So written with the converse of his God,
Beareth the swollen vein of agony.
His lip is quivering, and his wonted step
Of vigor is not there; and, though the morn
Is passing fair and beautiful, he breathes
Its freshness as if it were a pestilence.
He gave to her the water and the bread,
But spoke no word, and trusted not himself
To look upon her face, but laid his hand,
In silent blessing, on the fair-haired boy,
And left her to her lot of loneliness.

Should Hagar weep? May slighted woman turn,
And, as a vine the oak hath shaken off,
Bend lightly to her leaning trust again?
Oh, no! by all her loveliness, by all
That makes life poetry and beauty, — no!
Make her a slave; steal from her rosy cheek
By needless jealousies; let the last star
Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain;

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Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all
That makes her cup of bitterness, — yet give
One evidence of love, and earth has not
An emblem of devotedness like hers.
But, oh! estrange her once, — it boots not how —
By wrong or silence, — any thing that tells
A change has come upon your tenderness, —
And there is not a feeling out of heaven
Her pride o'ermastereth not.

She went her way, with a strong step and slow,
Her pressed lip arched, and her clear eye undimmed,
As if it were a diamond, and her form
Borne proudly up, as if her heart breathed through.
Her child kept on in silence, though she pressed
His hand till it was pained; for he had read
The dark look of his mother, and the seed
Of a stern nation had been breathed upon.
The morning passed, and Asia's sun rode up
In the clear heaven, and every beam was heat.
The cattle of the hills were in the shade,
And the bright plumage of the Orient lay
On beating bosoms in her spicy trees.
It was an hour of rest; but Hagar found
No shelter in the wilderness, and on
She kept her weary way, until the boy
Hung down his head, and opened his parched lips
For water; but she could not give it him.
She laid him down beneath the sultry sky, —
For it was better than the close, hot breath
Of the thick pines, — and tried to comfort him;

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But he was sore athirst, and his blue eyes
Were dim and bloodshot, and he could not know
Why God denied him water in the wild.
She sat a little longer, and he grew
Ghastly and faint, as if he would have died.
It was too much for her. She lifted him,
And bore him farther on, and laid his head
Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub;
And, shrouding up her face, she went away,
And sat to watch, where he could see her not,
Till he should die; and, watching him, she mourned: —

"God stay thee in thine agony, my boy!
I cannot see thee die; I cannot brook
Upon thy brow to look,
And see death settle on my cradle joy.
How have I drunk the light of thy blue eye!
And could I see thee die?

"I did not dream of this when thou wast straying,
Like an unbound gazelle, among the flowers;
Or whiling the soft hours
By the rich gush of water-sources playing,
Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep,
So beautiful and deep.

"Oh, no! and when I watched by thee the while,
And saw thy bright lip curling in thy dream,
And thought of the dark stream
In my own land of Egypt, the far Nile,
How prayed I that my father's land might be
An heritage for thee!

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"And now the grave for its cold breast hath won
thee!
And thy white, delicate limbs the earth will press;
And, oh! my last caress
Must feel thee cold; for a chill hand is on thee.
How can I leave my boy, so pillowed there
Upon his clustering hair!"

She stood beside the well her God had given
To gush in that deep wilderness, and bathed
The forehead of her child, until he laughed
In his reviving happiness, and lisped
His infant thought of gladness at the sight
Of the cool plashing of his mother's hand.

N. P. WILLIS.

## Bugle Song.

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, further going;
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

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O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

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## Coriolanus.

### PART FIRST.

WITHIN the crowded forum, all was still;
On Coriolanus rested every eye,
As if to mark the noble Roman shrink
Beneath the iron grasp of Destiny.
As wave nor ripple never yet made known
The wrangling monsters under summer seas,
His stern face altered not, nor lip nor glance
Betrayed the workings of his manly soul.
The sentence had gone forth that exiled him;
The murmur of approval now was hushed;
And Coriolanus rose. Erect and calm,
He stood within that place wont to salute
His coming with applause and high acclaim. —
A moment paused, as o'er his spirit rushed
In overwhelming tide, the sense of wrong.
He exiled? Ay; and his own countrymen
With heartless haste the galling goblet pressed
To his parched lips, which even to the dregs
He needs must drain — and at the dregs find hate
Of former friends and fellow-citizens.

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O base ingratitude! next vain remorse,
Most bitter potion of this mortal life!
As mountain torrent for a moment's stay
More fiercely roars adown its rocky course,
Forth broke his anger. Strong and clear his voice
Ran through the forum, calling vengeance down
On his accusers. "O you base ingrates!
Could but this iron heel crush you to dust,
It then had done a service worthy note:
Then were I consul here without your vote.
Your vote! O Rome, my country! art thou fallen
So low, that knaves now rule thee with a breath?
Is honor now so cheap within thy walls
That one may buy and sell it for a naught?
Awake! Arouse thee, ever-glorious Rome!
Oh, wherefore dost thou bow thy soul to sleep,
While base-born slaves around thy passive form
Bind rusty chains wrought in the forge of peace?
Ay, slothful peace, than all the ills of war
More terrible; a canker-worm that eats
The hearts of men, and breeds wild discord!
Arise, O Rome! and burst thy menial bonds!
Thou dost not? Then farewell to thee and friends.
My love is turned to hate!" A long farewell,
And he is gone. Alas for thee, O Rome!
That Coriolanus left thy gates in wrath!
No more shall he thy conquering legions lead —
No more returning, in thy triumphs march,
Thy foeman's scourge; oh, fear his direful wrath!

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PART SECOND.

Aurora's rosy fingers lifted high
The sombre veil that hid the face of Day;
And Day arose, and with her joyous smile
Sent myriad sunbeams dancing o'er the earth.
And Rome upon her seven hills awoke,
Awoke her marts and streets to life and day;
And soon the din of traffic, and the noise
Of many voices and of hurrying feet,
Resounded through the city's wide expanse.
When lo! there came on through the farthest gate,
Bloody with spurring, and besmeared with foam,
A horse and rider. Headlong on they came,
Nor paused until they reached the city mart;
Then halted, and the rider loud proclaimed
With looks and gestures wild: "To arms! To arms! ye Romans!
For the gods and Rome! for lo! outside our walls,
The Volscian army in a vast array
Have pitched their camp, and Coriolanus leads
The Volscian host, while on their banners gleams
In golden letters bright, 'Revenge, Revenge!'"
Now fear and dread seized every Roman heart;
And Rome, at morn so peaceful, was at noon
A surging sea of discord, fear, and woe.
Well might they tremble who had lit the spark
That kindled Coriolanus' wrath so high
That it had burned from out his very heart
All love and reverence for his once-loved Rome.
Fain would they soothe his angry soul with words

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Of deep repentance and fair promises.
He their ambassadors repulsed with scorn,
And bade them keep at Rome the chaff they brought, —
It would there serve wherewith to kindle it.
Expectant Rome received the dread decree
In mute despair, and utter desolation
Dwelt within her walls. Like that far-famed
Lone bird, herself had fanned into a blaze
The flame that should consume her. Her offers fair
He had repulsed, her promises despised,
And naught remained but to abide the shock
Of all-destroying and avenging war.
When lo! Volumnia and the wife and son
Of Marcius Coriolanus, with their friends,
All draped in deepest mourning, left the gates,
Nor paused until they reached the Volscian camp,
And prostrate fell at Coriolanus' feet.
Seeming immovable and calm he stood,
But oh! *within*, that noble soul was racked
With thousand tortures, and her very powers
Against herself were turned, to add new pain.
Oh, filial love! could it withstand the sight —
His *mother* kneeling in the dust to *him?*
And memory recalled the flush of pride
That lit that mother's face when he returned
From his first battle, and the laurels won
Laid at her feet; recalled the fond caress,
The tender care unto his childhood given;
Recalled the wisdom flowing from her lips,
That noble aims instilled into his soul,

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And crowning, overwhelming, came the thought
Of all that mother's sweet undying love.
As springtime rains pierce through the frozen earth,
As melteth fire the hard unyielding ore,
And gentle words the cold and scoffing heart,
So wrought in Coriolanus' soul the thought
Softening the anger, melting down the hate
To kindlier feelings, and the firm resolve
Changing to gentler tolerance of his wrongs.
He bent his stately form, and from the earth
With humble grace his aged mother raised;
And as the light of love in triumph broke
Across his face, erewhile so cold and stern,
Cried, "Mother, Rome is saved, but *I* am lost!"

"*R.*"

## Christmas Night in the Quarters.

WHEN merry Christmas-day is done,
And Christmas-night is just begun;
While clouds in slow procession drift
To wish the moon-man "Christmas gift,"
Yet linger overhead, to know
What causes all the stir below;
At Uncle Johnny Booker's ball
The darkies hold high carnival.

. . . . . .

Original in act and thought,
Because unlearnèd and untaught,
Observe them at their Christmas party.
How unrestrained their mirth — how hearty!

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How many things they say and do,
That never would occur to you!
See Brudder Brown — whose saving grace
Would sanctify a quarter-race —
Out on the crowded floor advance,
To "beg a blessin' on dis dance."

"Oh, Mahsr! let dis gath'rin fin' a blessin' in yo sight!
Don't jedge us hard for what we does — you know it's Chrismus night;
An' all de balunce ob de yeah, we does as right's we kin —
Ef dancin's wrong — oh, Mahsr, let de time excuse de sin!

"We labors in de vineya'd — workin' hard, an' workin' true —
Now, shorely you won't notus, ef we eats a grape or two,
An' takes a leetle holiday — a leetle restin'-spell —
Bekase nex' week, we'll start in fresh, an' labor twice-t as well.

"Remember, Mahsr — min' dis, now — de sinfulness ob sin
Is 'pendin' 'pon de sperret what we goes an' does it in;
An' in a righchis frame ob min' we's gwine to dance an' sing,
A-feelin' like King David when he cut de pigeon-wing.

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"It seems to me — indeed it do — I mebbe mout
be wrong —
That people raly *ought* to dance when Chrismus
comes along;
Dey dance bekase dey's happy — like de birds
hops in de trees:
De pine-top fiddle soundin' to de blowin' ob de
breeze.

"We has no ark to dance afore, like Isrul's prophet-
king;
We has no harp to soun' de chords, to help us out
to sing;
But cordin' to de gif's we has we does de bes' we
knows —
An' folks don't 'spise de vi'let-flow'r bekase it ain't
de rose.

"You bless us, please Sah, eben ef we's doin' wrong
to-night;
Kase den we'll need de blessin' more'n ef we's
doin' right;
An' let de blessin' stay wid' us, untell we comes to die,
An' goes to keep our Chrismus wid dem sheriffs in
de sky!

"Yes, tell dem preshis anjuls we's a-gwine to jine
'em soon:
Our voices we's a-trainin' for to sing de glory tune;
We's ready when you wants us, an' it ain't no
matter when —
O Mahsr! call yo' chillen soon, an' take 'em home!
Amen."

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The rev'rend man is scarcely through,
When all the noise begins anew,
And with such force assaults the ears,
That through the din one hardly hears
Old Fiddling Josey "sound his A" —
Correct the pitch — begin to play —
Stop, satisfied — then, with the bow,
Rap out the signal dancers know:

"*Git yo' pardners, fust kwattillion!*
Stomp yo' feet, an' raise 'em high;
Tune is: 'Oh! dat water-million!
Gwine to git to home bime-bye.'

"*S'lute yo' pardners!* — scrape perlitely —
Don't be bumpin' 'gin de res' —
*Balance all!* — now, step out rightly;
Alluz dance yo' lebbel bes'.

"*Fo'wa'd foah!* — whoop up, niggers!
*Back ag'in!* — don't be so slow —
*Swing cornahs!* — min' de figgers:
When I hollers, den yo' go.

"*Top ladies cross ober!*
Hol' on, till I takes a dram —
*Gemmen solo!* — yes, *I's* sober —
Kaint say how de fiddle am —

"*Hands aroun'!* — hol' up yo' faces,
Don't be lookin' at yo' feet!
*Swing yo' pardners to yo' places!*
Dat's de way — dat's hard to beat.

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"*Sides fo'w'd!* — when you's ready —
Make a bow as low's you kin!
*Swing acrost wid opp'site lady!*
Now we'll let you swap ag'in:

"*Ladies change!* — shet up dat talkin':
Do yo' talkin' arter while —
*Right an' lef'!* — don't want no walkin' —
Make yo' steps, an' show yo' style!"

The night is spent; and as the day
Throws up the first faint flash of gray,
The guests pursue their homeward way;
And through the field beyond the gin,
Just as the stars are going in,
See Santa Claus departing — grieving —
His own dear Land of Cotton leaving.
His work is done — he fain would rest,
Where people know and love him best —
He pauses — listens — looks about —
But go he must: his pass is out;
So, coughing down the rising tears,
He climbs the fence and disappears.
And thus observes a colored youth —
(The common sentiment, in sooth):
"Oh! what a blessing 'tw'u'd ha' been
Ef Santy had been born a twin!
We'd hab two Christmuses a yeah —
Or p'r'aps *one* brudder'd *settle* heah!"

IRWIN RUSSELL in *Scribner's Monthly.*

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## Horatius at the Bridge.

THE consul's brow was sad, and the consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall, and darkly at the foe:
"Their van will be upon us before the bridge goes down:
And if they once may win the bridge, what hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius, the captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers and the temples of his gods?

"Hew down the bridge, sir consul, with all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me, will hold the foe in play, —
In yon strait path a thousand may well be stopped by three.
Now, who will stand on either hand, and keep the bridge with me?"
Then out spake Spurius Lartius, — a Ramnian proud was he:

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"Lo! I will stand at thy right hand, and keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius,—of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side, and keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the consul, "as thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array forth went the dauntless three.
Meanwhile the Tuscan army, right glorious to behold,
Come flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright,
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded, a peal of warlike glee,
As that great host with measured tread
And spears advanced and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head
Where stood the dauntless three.

The three stood calm and silent, and looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter from all the vanguard rose;
And forth three chiefs came spurring before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way.

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Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus into the stream
beneath;
Herminius struck at Seius, and clove him to the
teeth;
At Picus brave Horatius darted one fiery thrust,
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms clashed in
the bloody dust.
Then Ocnus of Falerii rushed on the Roman three;
And Lausulus of Urgo, the rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volsinium, who slew the great wild
boar. —

Herminius smote down Aruns; Lartius laid Ocnus
low;
Right to the heart of Lausulus, Horatius sent a blow;
But now no sound of laughter was heard among
the foes;
A wild and wrathful clamor from all the vanguard
rose.
Six spears' length from the entrance halted that
deep array,
And for a space no man came forth to win the
narrow way.

But, hark! the cry is Astur; and lo! the ranks
divide;
And the great lord of Luna comes with his stately
stride.
Upon his ample shoulders clangs loud the fourfold
shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand which none
but he can wield.

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Then, whirling up his broadsword with both hands
to the height,
He rushed against Horatius, and smote with all his
might.
With shield and blade Horatius right deftly turned
the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh.
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry,
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius he leaned one breath-
ing-space,
Then, like a wildcat mad with wounds, sprang
right at Astur's face.
Through teeth and skull and helmet so fierce a
thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out behind
the Tuscan's head.
And the great lord of Luna fell at that deadly
stroke,
As falls on Mount Avernus a thunder-smitten oak.

On Astur's throat Horatius right firmly pressed
his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain, ere he
wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome, fair guests,
that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next to taste our
Roman cheer?"
But at his haughty challenge a sullen murmur ran,

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Mingled with wrath and shame and dread, along
that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess, nor men of
lordly race,
For all Etruria's noblest were round the fatal
place.

But all Etruria's noblest felt their hearts sink to
see
On the earth the bloody corpses, in the path the
dauntless three.
Was none who would be foremost to lead such
dire attack;
But those behind cried "Forward!" and those
before cried "Back!"
And backward now, and forward, wavers the deep
array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel,
And the victorious trumpet's peal
Dies fitfully away.

But meanwhile axe and lever have manfully been
plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering above the
boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!" loud cried
the fathers all, —
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius! back, ere the
ruin fall!"
Back darted Spurius Lartius, — Herminius darted
back;

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And, as they passed, beneath their feet they felt
the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces, and on the
farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone, they would have
crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder fell every loosened
beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck lay right
athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph rose from the walls
of Rome
As to the highest turret-tops was splashed the
yellow foam.

Alone stood brave Horatius, but constant still in
mind, —
Thrice thirty thousand foes before, and the broad
flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus, with a
smile on his pale face;
"Now yield thee!" cried Lars Porsena, "now
yield thee to our grace!"
Round turned he, as not deigning those craven
ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena, to Sextus naught
spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus the white porch of his
home;
And he spake to the noble river that rolls by the
towers of Rome: —

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"O Tiber! Father Tiber! to whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms, take thou in charge
this day!"
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed the good
sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back, plunged head-
long in the tide.
No sound of joy or sorrow was heard from either
bank,
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges they saw his crest
appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But swiftly ran the current, swollen high by
months of rain,
And fast his blood was flowing; and he was sore
in pain,
And heavy with his armor, and spent with chan-
ging blows;
And oft they thought him sinking, but still again
he rose.
Never, I ween, did swimmer, in such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood safe to the
landing-place.
But his limbs were borne up bravely by the brave
heart within,
And our good Father Tiber bare bravely up his chin.

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"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus — "will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day we should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena, "and bring him save to shore!
For such a gallant feat of arms was never seen before."
And now he feels the bottom; now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the fathers, to press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping, and noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the river gate, borne by the joyous crowd.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

## The Hostage.

THEY seize in the Tyrant of Syracuse' halls
A youth with a dagger in's vest;
He is bound by the Tyrant's behest;
The Tyrant beholds him — Rage blanches his cheek;
"Why hiddest yon dagger, conspirator? Speak!"
"To pierce to the heart such as thou!"
"Wretch! Death on the cross is thy doom even now."

"It is well," spake the youth; "I am harnessed for Death;
And I sue not thy sternness to spare;

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Yet would I be granted one prayer: —
Three days would I ask, till my sister be wed;
As a hostage, I leave thee my friend in my stead;
If *I* be found false to my truth,
Nail *him* to thy cross without respite or ruth!"

Then smiled with a dark exultation the king,
And he spake, after brief meditation —
"I grant thee three days' preparation:
But see thou outstay not the term I allow,
Else, by the high thrones of Olympus I vow,
That if *thou* shalt go scathless and free,
The best blood of thy friend shalt be forfeit for thee!"

And Pythias repairs to his friend: "I am doomed
To atone for my daring emprise,
By Death in its shamefullest guise;
But the monarch three days ere I perish allows,
Till I give a loved sister away to her spouse;
Thou, therefore, my hostage must be,
Till I come the third day, and again set thee free."

And Damon in silence embraces his friend,
And he gives himself up to the Despot;
While Pythias makes use of his respite,
And ere the third morning in Orient is burning,
Behold the Devoted already returning
To save his friend, ere it be later,
By dying himself the vile death of a traitor!

But the rain, the wild rain, dashes earthwards in floods,
Up-swelling the deluging fountains;

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Strong torrents rush down from the mountains,
And lo! as he reaches the deep river's border
The bridge-works give way in terrific disorder,
And the waves, with a roaring like thunder,
Sweep o'er the rent wrecks of the arches, and under.

To and fro by the brink of that river he wanders, —
In vain he looks out through the offing, —
The fiends of the tempests are scoffing
His outcries for aid; from the opposite strand
No pinnace puts off to convey him to land;
And, made mad by the stormy commotion,
The river-waves foam like the surges of Ocean.

Then he drops on his knees, and he raises his arms
To Jupiter, Strength- and-Help-giver,
"Oh, stem the fierce force of this river!
The hours are advancing, noon wanes, in the West
Soon Apollo will sink, and my zeal and my best
Aspirations and hopes will be baffled —
And Damon, my Damon, will die on a scaffold!"

But the tempest abates not, the rapid flood waits not;
On, billow o'er billow comes hasting,
Day, minute by minute, is wasting —
And, daring the worst that the desperate dare,
He casts himself in with a noble despair;
And he buffets the tyrannous waves,
And Jupiter pities the struggler — and saves.

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The hours will not linger; his speed is redoubled;
Forth, Faithfullest! Bravest, exert thee!
The Gods cannot surely desert thee!
Alas! as Hope springs in his bosom renewed,
A band of barbarians rush out of the wood,
And they block up the wanderer's path,
And they brandish their weapons in clamorous wrath.

"What will ye?" he cries; "I have naught but my life,
And that must be yielded ere night;
Force me not to defend it by fight!"
But they swarm round him closer, that truculent band,
So he wrests the huge club from one savage's hand,
And he fells the first four at his feet;
And the remnant, dismayed and astounded, retreat.

The storm-burst is over, low glows the red sun,
Making Earth and Air fainter and hotter;
The knees of the fugitive totter—
"Alas!" he cries, "have I then breasted the flood,
Have I vanquished those wild men of rapine and blood,
But to perish from languor and pain,
While my hostage, my friend, is my victim in vain?"

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When, hark! a cool sound, as of murmuring water!
He hears it — it bubbles — it gushes —
Hark! louder and louder it rushes!
He turns him, he searches, and lo! a pure stream
Ripples forth from a rock, and shines out in the beam
Of the sun ere he fierily sinks,
And the wanderer bathes his hot limbs, and he drinks.

The sun looks his last; on the oft-trodden pathway
Hies homeward the weariful reaper;
The shadows of evening grow deeper.
When pressing and hurrying anxiously on,
Two strangers pass Pythias — and list! he hears one
To the other exclaiming, "Oh, shame on
The wretch that betrayed the magnanimous Damon!"

Then Horror lends wings to his faltering feet,
And he dashes in agony onward;
And soon a few roofs, looking sunward,
Gleam faintly where Syracuse' suburbs extend;
And the good Philodemus, his freedman and friend,
Now comes forward in tears to his master,
Who gathers despair from that face of disaster.

"Back, Master! Preserve thine own life at the least!
*His*, I fear me, thou canst not redeem,

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For the last rays of eventide beam;
Oh! though hour after hour travelled on to its goal,
He expected thy coming with confident soul,
And though mocked by the King as forsaken,
His trust in thy truth to the last was unshaken!"

"Eternal Avenger! and is it too late?"
Cried the youth, with a passionate fervor,
"And dare not I be his preserver?
Then Death shall unite whom not hell shall divide!
We will die, he and I, on the rood, side by side,
And the bloody Destroyer shall find
That there *be* souls whom Friendship and Honor
can bind!"

And on, on, unresting, he bounds like a roe;
See! they lay the long cross on the ground!
See! the multitude gather all round!
See! already they hurry their victim along!
When, with giant-like strength, a man bursts
through the throng,
And — "Oh, stay, stay your hands!" is his cry —
"I am come! — I am here! — I am ready to die!"

And astonishment masters the crowd at the sight,
While the friends in the arms of each other
Weep tears that they struggle to smother.
Embarrassed, the lictors and officers bring
The strange tidings at length to the ears of the King,
And a human emotion steals o'er him,
And he orders the friends to be summoned before
him.

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And, admiring, he looks at them long ere he speaks —
"You have conquered, O marvellous pair,
By a friendship as glorious as rare!
You have melted to flesh the hard heart in my breast!
Go in peace! — you are free! But accord one request
To my earnest entreaties and wishes —
Accept a *third* friend in your king Dionysius."

SCHILLER.

*Translated by* JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

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## The Fall of Wolsey.

*Wolsey.* Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And — when he thinks, good, easy man! full surely
His greatness is a-ripening — nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.

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Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new opened: Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again. —

*Enter* CROMWELL.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

*Crom.* I have no power to speak, sir.

*Wol.* What, amazed
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I'm fallen indeed.

*Crom.* How does your grace?

*Wol.* Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities —
A still and quiet conscience.

*Crom.* I'm glad your grace has made that right use of it.

*Wol.* I hope I have: I'm able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

*Crom.* The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

*Wol.* God bless him!

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*Crom.* The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen Lord Chancellor in your place.

*Wol.* That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favor, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience, that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on them!—
What more?

*Crom.* That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
Installed lord archbishop of Canterbury.

*Wol.* That's news indeed!

*Crom.* Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was viewed in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

*Wol.* There was the weight that pulled me down, O Cromwell!
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost forever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the king:
I have told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: go, Cromwell.

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*Crom.* Oh, my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master? —
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord. —
The king shall have my service, but my prayers
Forever, and forever, shall be yours. [*Kneels.*

*Wol.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman. —
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
[CROM. *rises.*
And — when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of — say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey — that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor —
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels: how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fallest a blessed martyr. Lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,

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To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call my own.—Oh, Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies!

*Crom.* Good sir, have patience.

*Wol.* So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*

SHAKESPEARE.

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## The Bells.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells—
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

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Hear the mellow wedding-bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells, bells,
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells —
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,

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Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now — now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells —
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats

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From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people — ah, the people —
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone —
They are neither man nor woman —
They are neither brute nor human —
They are ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells —
To the sobbing of the bells;
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EDGAR A. POE.

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